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MR. CHANNING'S REPORT,

TO THE MINISTERIAL CONFERENCE.

[We publish below the portion of this paper which we were reluctantly compelled to omit in our number of three weeks ago. If our readers will refer to the Register of that date, and suppose the following to be inserted where the asterisks occur in the extracts there given from the Report, they will have the document entire.]

The ends of this Conference are manifestly *three*—which have always been more or less clearly recognized, and which we shall fully attain, in proportion as they are exactly discriminated.

1. We meet, as ministers of religion, to reanimate within us the power of holiness. We need, therefore, seasons of devout communion, where heart may be attuned and harmonized to heart, where our inmost wills may be cleansed for fuller reception of that Divine Spirit which is always nigh, when in concert we seek to be made at one with our brethren and our Father by the spirit of his Son. For some years past a series of prayer meetings has been held during anniversary week, originated and conducted for the most part by laymen. This is as it should be; and may each returning spring see these assemblies filled with life and hope. Now, in addition, is it not desirable, that ministers should hold similar meetings, where they may freely unbosom their peculiar trials and consolations, interchange their most cherished convictions, and multiply by communicating their spiritual blessings! Is there not an aspiration stirring among this circle of brethren, for a piety more genial and free, less sanctimonious and yet universally pure, more instinct with natural sensibility and kindly affections, more boundless in trust, more perennially conscious of God's abiding presence, than has yet transfigured human life;—a piety which shall blend Eastern contemplation and Greek joy, the Catholic's saintly communion with the Protestant's austere privacy, the rapture of the Methodist and the quietism of the Friends, all attempered by the Rationalist's enlightened conscience, and glowingly fused into the unlimited love of the Humanitarian for his race! Do we not feel the need of meeting, at least once a year, above all clouds of doubt and difference on this high Mount of Vision! Would not the simple act of thus meeting make the unity of life, wherein we live, a new reality to us! Should we not thence descend, enlarged and illuminated, to confer together as seekers of truth, and fellow-laborers in overcoming evil with good! It is proposed, then, that the Members of the Conference hold meetings for Spiritual Communion, on the mornings of Wednesday and Thursday of Anniversary week, from half-past seven o'clock till nine.

2. We meet, as ministers of religion, by free intercourse to communicate to one another the results of solitary study. Surely there has been no past era in the developement of the Christian Church, when they who are set to be guides of the people, in the highest regions of thought, needed more a spirit of mingled reverence and courage, deference for their fellows, and uncompromising self-reliance; when habits of original, thorough investigation, of sound scholarship, of persevering, plodding thought were more indispensable; and when, at the same time, the incitement was so strong, the opportunity so auspicious, for cheerful adventure in pursuit of truth. A conviction—inspired, it may be, from a higher than human plane of thought, and confirmed by the presage and longings of seers in all times, is widely spread,—that in theology, as in other departments of science, we are nigh to the discovery of a Grand Central Truth, whose appearance will instantly reconcile Christians of every sect, by revealing that all enlightening sun whence radiate their partial forms of faith. The thinkers of Christendom await a magnificent synthesis, which shall vitally recombine what analysis has dissevered. The watch-words for every student should be to-day, "Do not deny; do not exaggerate." We must believe to the verge of mystification, and yet criticise with unswerving impartiality. Now, as fellow-seekers, we need to meet together under this broad, clear, piercing yet serene light,—freed from delusions alike of make-belief and mockery—humbly resolved not to deceive or be deceived,—but waiting for God's Word, wherever, however spoken. Can we not have thus an annual council, wherein, by earnest inquiry and patient revision, we may gradually approximate to a credible creed, and possibly arrive at definite spiritual science! It is proposed, then, to devote the Wednesday of Anniversary week, from 9 o'clock in the morning, and during the afternoon, to Free Conference on the established truths and the unsolved problems of Religion. Let us call the ablest scholars whom we can find, to address us on the subjects which they have most satisfactorily mastered. Then let the remaining hours be occupied in the presentation of papers, wherein are lucidly condensed the results of conscientious study, and by discussions in which doubtful questions shall be manfully grappled with, and intellect meet intellect fairly, without apologies, professions of candor, or any other forms of fear and half-wayness. Thus may our annual meetings be made truly instructive, and our published transactions become one streak of dawn amid the darkness of pervading ignorance.

3. We meet, as ministers of religion, to interpret the signs of the times, to learn the intimations of Providence in the progressive unfoldings of human society, to strengthen one another for faithful effort in subduing selfishness, public and individual, to free will service of the law of love. There is no misunderstanding the Reform-movements of the day. The societies organized and pledged to promote Anti-slavery—Temperance—Charity—the restoration of Criminals—the removal and relief of Pauperism—justice in all relations of Labor, Commerce, Exchange, Landownership—Mutual Guarantees of every kind—Peace and Association,—are a manifest proof, that a heavenly energy of good is descending to renew Christendom and Humanity after the image of Divine order. We are about to behold a grander, more vital, more universal transformation of the Church and the Commonwealth, throughout the leading nations of mankind, than the most sanguine dare yet to hope. What is needed is, that Christians, as a body, should in all communities reclaim the vantage-ground, which through formalism in piety, sectarian feuds and timid concessions to the usurping claims of statesmen and wordly managers, they have all but universally lost. The true position of a Christian congregation is, to be the central conscience of the body politic around. Ministers should be, in the strict sense of the word, mediators of an ideal life. Pulpits should be oracles, judging prevalent abuses, uttering warnings against popular delusions, prophetic with the best promise of the age. Now, to fulfil social duties devolving on us, as Chiefs in Religion, we need to feel the incentive and the check of a collective life of good-will animating the brotherhood of which we are members. Loyalty is the due counterpoise of Liberty; wisdom and healthful efficiency depend upon their equilibrium. In the most profound and universal significance of the text, we say, "it is not good for man to be alone." Who can tell how much of serene strength, of indomitable sweetness, are imparted even to the most devout and self-centered, by a consciousness that one's singleness of purpose, however misjudged elsewhere, is recognized by one's peers! Tossed amidst difficult circumstances, tried as through fire in this period of social convulsions, impelled onwards by destructive radicalism, crushed under enslaving conservatism, jostled on all sides by restlessness and change, we are mutually bound to uphold one another's honorable freedom by the support of our combined influence; and yet more, we owe to each other the light and guidance of our concentrated experience. Let not the apostles of God's truth, by profession, receive their spur or chain, their messages of mercy or statutes of limitations, from the mob or a monied aristocracy. It would be weak, in the extreme, to seek to dodge the responsibilities of an era, pregnant like this, with dread and hope, by standing aloof in spiritual abstraction, or by obsequious compromises with the rulers of the day. Let Ministers rather confer together, as a real—whether or not an acknowledged—estate of the realm; let them make out for themselves the law for their own conduct; let them send forth from their annual meetings words so dignified in integrity, that they must command respect. The spiritual and the civil powers are to be reconciled throughout Christendom only by a firm re-assertion of the supremacy of moral over material interests; it becomes, then, the representatives of the divine element in Nations to utter with rightful decision their mature judgment on the great questions which most nearly concern each generation and community. The collective voice of Christians is to be the next form under which will re-appear what the Papacy faintly symbolized, the Headship of the Church in every state. With a view of doing what is in our power to fulfil this urgent want and truly sublime end, it is proposed that the Thursday of Anniversary week, from 9 o'clock in the morning onwards—during the hours not otherwise necessarily occupied, be devoted to hearing reports, addresses, discussions, upon plans and projects of practical Christianity, wherein the efforts shall be to measure transmitted evils and progressive tendencies, the wants and dangers, aspirations and triumphs of society by the standard of Christ's life and law, the lessons of history, and the largest dictates of humanity. Hour by hour, let us mark on our dial the rising of the sun of righteousness.

By thus dividing the functions, and appropriating the meetings of the Conference—which, of course, members will be perfectly free to attend or to pass by, it is believed that different tastes and biases will be gratified, while the plain duties of society will be fitly discharged. Thus, too, will a worthy example be set of Ministers bound together by the truly mystical sacrament of unity in variety, not built up into a mechanical hierarchy, but organized by love into a living body. Is it too much to hope, that we might become a city of peace, seen gladly by all men, whose glorious temples are God and the Lamb!

IS IT MY DUTY TO PARTAKE OF THE COMMUNION?

I am called on to determine whether I will offer myself for reception to the Church. Let me view the important question in the light of duty, giving to every consideration, on either side, its due weight, but nothing more. I trust that I sincerely desire to do right. I would lay aside all unworthy thoughts, whether of ostentation in making a profession, or of timidity in declining it. It is a question of duty, and, viewing it in that solemn character, all such feelings as these must be relinquished. Ostentation! How can I think of such a thing in the presence of my God! Timidity! If, indeed, God calls me, shall I fear the face of man!

But does God indeed call me to an act of this kind! What is there in my circumstances that renders it more proper for me than for many others, who yet, I see, retire with me when the communion-table is spread! Some of them are my superiors in age and in character. While they withdraw, can I with propriety remain! Yet let me reflect. I know not their motives in withholding their attendance. I know not how far they are justified. I cannot judge them; God is their only judge; but is he not also mine! If others must decide for themselves in this matter what is right, must not I also for myself! Let me act, then, not according to what others deem their duty, but by what appears to me to be my own.

And if I find that I have been influenced by their example, let me reflect if others may not be by mine. Are none now prevented from uniting with the Church by seeing that I do not! At least, are none discouraged by seeing that crowd retire, of which I form one! Might not some be induced to think of their duty in this respect, if they knew that I had joined the Church! Cannot I think of some among my friends upon whom such an act on my part would have a useful influence!

By uniting with the Church, I should give my testimony in behalf of religion. Would not that testimony have its weight in commending religion to those I love!

But am I, indeed, fit to join the Church! My character is imperfect. I am often conscious of not exercising due self-restraint. Let me reflect upon my faults. What are my most easily besetting sins!

As memory presents them to me, I shrink, indeed, from coming, thus weak and imperfect, to join the company of Christ's professed disciples. Yet let me reflect. Is it not as sinners that we must approach, if we would find acceptance! Yes, but as *repentant* sinners. Am I, then, truly repentant!

Is there a cherished sin, that I am unwilling to forsake! If so, let me not venture to make a profession, which under such circumstances would be hypocritical. But so it must not be. Shall I prefer sin to holiness, destruction to salvation!

I hope, I trust, that I am truly penitent. But I am conscious of weakness. As I have fallen into sin, so I may fall again; and then, if I am a member of the Church, my offence will be more disgraceful to myself, and more injurious, than at present.

But are not all human beings liable to fall! Shall none, then, join the Church, lest they should disgrace their profession!

The question resolves itself to this. Is there a reasonable probability that my future course will be such as shall not inflict dishonor on the cause of Christ!

I feel my own weakness, but is not my strength on high! God will sustain me, if I pray to him. Have I formed the habit of secret prayer! Is prayer with me an outward form merely, or is my heart there! Am I firm in my resolutions to continue steadfast in prayer and effort!

Lord! thou knowest my weakness, be thou my strength!

Perhaps I can judge something of the permanence of my good resolutions by their past history. Are religious thoughts of recent date with me, excited by some sudden cause, or have they been for a length of time gradually developed? In the latter case, I may have more confidence that they will be permanent, than in the former.

Yet, in the former case, I must not quench the spirit. If it should appear, on full reflection, that I am not yet fitted to join the Church, let me at least resolve on such a course of life as shall give maturity to my present religious impressions. Daily prayer, reading of the Scriptures self-examination from time to time,—say at some stated hour of every Sabbath,—let me resolve on these, as means for deepening and strengthening my religious character.

And should not the same course be pursued if I unite with the Church? Assuredly. Thus much, then, is at least attained. Lord! grant thy blessing, that I may keep the resolution.

[S. G. Bulfinch.

PAUPERISM IN BOSTON.

Those who are at all acquainted with the extent of pauperism in our city, have felt for several years past, that there was need of a more efficient organization for the relief of the poor and suffering, than any which existed. There are and have been societies which have rendered efficient service in relieving destitution, but they have labored separately, or at least without effective co-operation. Sometime since a joint meeting of the more prominent organizations of the city for the relief of pauperism was held for the purpose of deriving, if possible, some effectual method by which the efforts of these societies could be combined into a more general and uniform system. At that meeting a Committee was appointed to take the whole matter into consideration and report such a plan of action as they deemed the best. The members of the committee, through their chairman, the Hon. Geo. S. Hillard, have issued a Report upon the subject assigned to them.

The Report alludes to the increasing amount of pauperism in our midst, and to the inadequacy of our present organizations to meet its demands. It urges the necessity of having some central power, which shall preside over the public charities of the city and direct their distributions. It is difficult to mature the details of such a plan at once. The following suggestions are made by the committee, which we commend to the attention of our readers:

"The Howard Benevolent Society, from its being an incorporated society, from its being so well known, and from the confidence which it deservedly enjoys, would seem to your committee a proper nucleus and commencement of this new organization. Let the other two societies, of which we have spoken, be united with this society, and let vigorous efforts be made to increase its numbers. Let the amount of subscription be placed so low that no one above absolute poverty need be prevented, on that score, from becoming a member. Let the rich be invited to contribute according to their means. Let those who are not rich be solicited to give their time and their services, which are not less important elements in the struggle with pauperism, than money.

It is desirable to start with a large society, extending over the city, and embracing within its circle men of fortune, men of benevolence, and men of action, who would contribute time, money, advice and sympathy. The wards into which the city is divided suggest an obvious plan or scheme of operations. Let the wards be subdivided into sections, more or less numerous, according to the extent of population and the wants of the inhabitants. Let each ward be under the control of a local committee, appointed by the society, who shall find a visitor for every section, whose duty it shall be to ascertain by personal examination the wants and claims of every applicant for relief. Let there be a central office for the meeting of the ward committees, and the transaction of the general business of the society. How far this office may be used as an intelligence office, in aid of such of the poor as are seeking employment, or whether it would be better to establish such an office in another place, are questions which your committee propose for consideration, without giving any decided opinion thereupon.

One immediate result of such a system would be, that every visitor would confine his labors exclusively to his own section, and that all the relief given would be given in the section where the person relieved resides. And in order to render it completely effective it would be further necessary that every subscriber should be furnished with a directory containing the names of the several visitors, and a description of the particular section under each one's charge. In this way, whenever application was made for relief, the applicant might be dismissed with a ticket, addressed to the visitor of that particular section in which the applicant resided, and it would then become the visitor's duty to investigate his or her claims to the relief required. It is not to be supposed that by these means all street beggars will be suppressed, or that some deception and imposture will not still be practiced, but much would undoubtedly be gained in comparison with the present state of things

By way of making a good beginning, it would be desirable that the ward committees should canvass thoroughly their several wards, and obtain the assistance and co-operation of all who have anything to spare. In general, our community may be divided into three classes. First, the needy and necessitous poor, who are, to some extent, wholly or in part the objects of charity. Secondly, the thrifty and industrious poor, who have no need of assistance, who live comfortably, and even lay by something for a rainy day, yet have little or nothing to bestow upon others, and are obliged to give their whole time to the particular calling by which they earn their bread; and thirdly, all those persons who have anything to spare, and whose condition ranges from modest competency to wealth. It is much to be desired that every person who belongs to this last class should become an annual contributor of such an enterprise as that which we have herein suggested. And by the aid of energy and perseverance, surely this result can be accomplished.

The plan, of which we have herein briefly sketched the outlines, is not an untried experiment. A somewhat similar system is in operation in New York, and is understood to work well. It is also understood that there is a somewhat similar organization for the relief of pauperism in the city of Berlin, in Prussia. Your committee have no doubt that such a plan is entirely feasible in the city of Boston, and have as little doubt that, if carried out with zeal and energy, it will be attended with beneficial results. But no such plan can be truly successful that has not the active and hearty co-operation of the favored classes, of those who are possessed of wealth and leisure, and those, who, from their intelligence, position and weight of character, are accustomed to give a direction to public sentiment, and to take the lead in all associated action."

We hope that a fair trial will be given to this or a similar system. It is full time that some more effectual method of relieving pauperism in our midst should be devised.

[For the Register.]

Lines written on Mrs. M. A. F.....

WHO DIED FEBRUARY 22, 1850.

Her eyes were dimmed and glazing,
Her breath was failing fast,
And every pulse-beat slower came
And feebler than the last.

But her inner sense grew stronger
As she passed from earth away,
And something dawned upon her sight,
Unseen by eyes of clay.

What saw that parting spirit,
As it struggled to be free?
What was the glorious vision?—
The wondrous mystery?

Did angels hover round her couch
To bear the soul away,
While the radiance of their rushing wings
Was brighter than the day?

Did the pearly gates lie open—
Did she see the Eternal Throne?
Was it the glow of Paradise,
That on her spirit shone?

Rapturous beyond all thought her joy,
Unspeakable her bliss;
Oh! may our dying eyes be cheered
By such a sight as this.

RAGGED SCHOOLS.

These Schools, which have awakened so lively an interest in England, are found like all things human to have many imperfections. The London Inquirer has the following wise remarks, after referring to such facts as the reader will find at the close of this article. We need not say that the same remarks apply, though with some restrictions, to our own evening schools for the poor. At all events we may learn something from them.

The leading idea which it enforces, and which, in our view, constitutes its chief value, is that the Ragged School is especially, and before all other things, a means of exercising moral and religious influence. Judgment, energy, zeal, and the true Christian spirit, are more needed for such a school than for any other. The materials to be dealt with are the most intractable of all. The force of intelligence and enthusiasm requisite to soften them must be proportionably great. If you think merely of teaching reading and writing to young thieves, it would be better to give up the design. You are but whetting tools which will be used for wicked purposes. If you think to contribute to the reform, either of young or old, by an easy, half-hearted exertion, or by any effort short of that which requires the utmost tension of the faculties, the error is serious, and you may very possibly do mischief when you mean to do good. The Ragged School, therefore, is not a toy for dilettanti teachers. It is not for those who will attend only when it is convenient, or for those who will work only when in involves no considerable sacrifice. In the hands of the earnest and devoted it yields noble results. Again and again have the germs of goodness and beautiful feeling been awakened by such institutions in young souls, from which neglect and evil example had almost obliterated every trace of the Divine image in which they were formed; but the joy and honour of such triumphs are reserved for those who are true workers. Those who go forth in the spirit of CHRIST are alone equal to so great an enterprise. The institution of a Ragged School is an inroad into the very kingdom of evil. At every step dangers multiply, and there is no safety except for those who are equal to a stern and persevering struggle. It never can be a holiday ask to contend with bad passions, even in the young, and least of all can it be so, where depravity, though manifesting itself in early life, has that precocious callousness and intensity which is given by the experience of the street and the prison. This is not a warfare, therefore, in which any should engage inconsiderately. It involves tremendous responsibility. The indiscriminate assemblage of neglected children calls into life new agencies of corruption. We have no right to run the risk unless we can rely with some confidence on the remedy. The danger is not a reason for inaction, but for causing every effort to be cautious and well-considered. No movement for the extension of God's reign amongst men is ever made without peril. If the invitation to repentance does not produce obedience, it leaves behind it a deeper and more desperate sinfulness. Yet woe unto those to whom the message is entrusted, if it be not delivered. Let them be but faithful, and the issue may be left to a Higher Power. Let us then have Ragged Schools whenever and wherever we are prepared to make the sacrifices which their right management involves; but let us shun, as we would a pestilence, the temptation to take them up as one of the varieties of philanthropic amusement.

The following is an extract from the Letter in the Morning Chronicle to which we have elsewhere referred;—

Through the courtesy of Lieut. Tracy, I am enabled to give two statements from children then in prison. The first was an intelligent-looking boy (who had an impediment in his speech,) and declared his anxiety to speak nothing but the truth—the governor and officers being convinced that his statement might be relied on, he said:—

"I am 12, and have been three times in prison, once for stealing cigars, once for a piece of calico, and once for some pigs' feet. I have been twice whipped. I was twelve months at Exeter-buildings Ragged School, Knightsbridge. I learned reading, writing, and Church of England there. I was brought up there to the Church of England. I know I was, because I went to church with the schoolmaster. I know it was a church. A church is bigger than a chapel, and has a steeple. I learned sums, too, and the commandments, and the catechism. I can't read well." [He was tried on an act of Parliament as to his ability to read. It began, "Whereas the law now existing." "Whereas" he could not make out anyhow, and "the laws now" he called "the lays no." He was unable to read any word of two syllables.] At the Ragged School, there were forty or fifty boys. He went at nine, and left at twelve, and went back at two. "Between twelve and two I was out with the other boys, and we often made up parties to go a-thieving. We thieved all sorts of things. We taught one another thieving. We liked to teach very young boys best; they are pluckiest, and the police don't know them at first. I knew good boys at the Ragged School—good when they went there—and we taught them to thieve. If we could get a good boy at the Ragged School we taught him to thieve, for he's safe some time from the police, and we share with him. At the Ragged School I was taught that I must keep my hands from picking and stealing, but I thought it fun to steal. The schoolmaster didn't know I ever stole. God is a spirit in heaven, and is everywhere. If I do wrong I shall go and be burnt in fire. It frightens me to think of it sometimes. I was first taught and tempted to steal by a boy I met at the Ragged school. He said, 'Come along, and I'll show you how to get money.' I stole some cigars, and the other boy, a little boy, kept watch. I was nailed the first time. I shouldn't have been a thief but for the Ragged Schools, I'm sure I shouldn't."

The other boy, a healthy-looking child, said: "I am ten, and have been twice in prison, and once whipped. I was in prison for 'a fork' and 'some lead.' I sold them in rag-shops. I was three months in Pye-street Ragged School, Westminster. I was a month at the St. Margaret's National School (Westminster.) At the Ragged School I learned reading, writing, tailoring, shoemaking, and cleaning the place." [He then read a verse in the Bible imperfectly, and by spelling the words, but quite as well as could be expected.] "There were forty or fifty boys at the Ragged School; half of them were thieves, and we used to go thieving in gangs of six. When we were away from school we went thieving. We taught any new boy how to thieve, making parties to do it. We would teach any good boy to thieve. I know four or five good boys at the Ragged School taught to thieve by me and others. We got them to join us, as we got afraid ourselves, and the police don't so soon 'spect new boys. Thieving is wrong. Some boys where I lived taught me to thieve. They did not go to a Ragged School, that I know of."

From a poor woman whom I visited in a garret in Westminster, I had the following statement. Her children were intelligent, and had a look of quickness without cunning, rarely seen in uneducated people. The boy I found in bed, I concluded from sickness, but the cause appears in the narrative:—

"My little girl," said the mother, "goes now to the Ragged School, and is a good scholar, and a very good girl, and never misses school. This is her. I consider the Ragged School here," said the mother, "has done great good. My children have had a good education. They can read and write well, and God knows how they would have learned *that* but for the school here." The boy said:—"I met three bad boys in my reading and tailoring class at the Ragged School, and they often tempted me to go thieving with them; beginning with knocking down apple-stalls and scrambling for the fruit. That's the way they often begin. I always remembered what my father and mother said, and refused. These boys used to try and persuade me when we were sitting in school to go and steal after school hours at night. They wouldn't say much about it, or the master might have noticed it in school. I know some boys, who were good before, and met with bad boys at the Ragged School, who tempted the good lads to go thieving. I know four or perhaps five such. Many of the boys in the Ragged School had been in prison. I have heard them speak of it. Some said they were sorry to have been thieves, and were tired of it, and wished to do better." The mother here interposed, and said that she and her husband never allowed their children to be in the streets or mix with others after school hours, or she wouldn't answer for the consequences. "I remember," the boy resumed, the Ragged School being twice robbed. Once the thieves got in at the first-floor window, from the top of a small house by it, and they stole all the money in the poor-box. It was most likely some that knew the place. They were never found out that I know of. The second time all the lead was stripped off the roof of the Ragged School, and the houses by it. This was never found out. I was well treated at the school, and encouraged to be honest and to learn. The boys often ran away. I am now in want of a place—any honest employment; but I am here in bed because I haven't got clothes to get up in. I can't go out at all. I am forced to stay in bed, and stay day and night, except when I get up sometimes to read the Bible. On Sunday evening I manage to go to the Broadway Ragged School, but can only do that after dark, and there I get a book to read at home." The mother showed me the child's trousers and shirt, which were more rags his shoes hardly held together. My visit was unexpected. The boy I have spoken of seemed proud of his little library, and showed me a book which he said had been given to him by Lord Ashley. He did not repine or murmur; he seemed to think the tedium of his life in bed was his lot as a poor boy.

From a good-looking and well-spoken girl, I had the following statement. I called to see her father, who was absent, and the girl gave me all the information I required:—

"I learned all I know," she said, ("and I can read any chapter in the Bible") at the Ragged School close by here. But for it I mightn't have known how to read or write. I hope it's a good place; but I'm sure I don't know, I have met such bad girls there. I have known them to bring songs and notes that they had written at night, to give to the boys when they met them out of school. I dont know what sort the songs were, or what was in the notes. I never saw either, as it was a secret among them. The schoolmistress knew nothing about it. I don't think I ever heard the girls say anything bad in school; but often when I've left at night I've seen the girls waiting for the boys, or the boys for the girls, as happened. I don't know how many, but a knot of them, and they used to go away together. I don't know where they went, whether thieving or what; but if I have been behind the other girls a minute or so in leaving school, I've had to go through a little knot of them, and might stop a minute or two perhaps, and I have heard them swear and curse, and use bad words, such as no modest girl would ever use. I have never done anything a modest girl mightn't, though I've been tempted [she blushed.] Nine at night is such a late hour to stay at school, that the scholars get tired, and long for a change. There's too much of it. I always went straight home, and the bad girls never troubled or teased me. If I hadn't gone straight home I should have been beaten by my father. My brother went to the Ragged School, and I'm afraid it did him harm. He has run away every now and then, and has always come back ragged and poorly—far worse than when he left home. I don't know what made him run away, unless he was tempted to do it by boys he met at the Ragged School: but I can't speak as to that. I don't know whether he went thieving or not. He never says anything about it when he comes back, let him be punished anyhow. He is a worse boy now than when he went to the school first."

The London Chronicle contains the following letter from Lord Ashley, who has taken such an interest in the subject:

"Sir,—The letter from your Metropolitan Correspondent, in your paper of yesterday, contains some very serious reflections on the value and efficacy of ragged schools.

"Nothing but the long and deep interest I have felt in the success of these efforts to alleviate a mighty evil would have induced me to request a place in your columns for two or three observations.

"The objectors to Ragged Schools demand much more from them than ever was demanded by there advocates. We have never regarded them but as palliatives of a terrible and pressing mischief—as experiments to try what can be done—as efforts to manifest our sympathy rather than our power. We say that the good they have effected cannot be stated in tables and figures. It consists more in the prevention of what would otherwise have been enormous, than in the positive and palpable advancement of good or evil. We appeal to every one with the slightest knowledge of London to state what would have been the present condition of the metropolis had not there efforts been called in operation.

"The scheme, besides, of Ragged Schools is incomplete without an accompanying scheme of emigration. Wherever this has been effected, our success has far surpassed our hopes; and hundreds, now in her Majesty's colonies, testify by their condition and conduct, that however low and miserable in their former lives, they are far from being irreclaimable.

"That many should be obdurate, that many should return to their former course and disappoint the hopes of their best friends, is incidental to all schools; and is almost inevitably the lot of our ragged establishments. The children come for daily instruction from scenes of vice, filth, and destitution, nearly unparalleled, and return to them every evening. They are beset by every temptation that appetite, want of employment, and necessity can suggest; and distress and suffering threaten every moment of their existence. Many fall away no doubt, but this only confirms what I have ever ventured to assert, that so long as our population is permitted to continue in its present state—in its courts, alleys, and overcrowded dwellings, as rife with disgusting immorality as with disease—all effort at education is nearly vain: the work of months is undone in an hour.

"It is a consolation, however, to those who have labored, that not a few have been saved from sin and wretchedness; and they feel the rescue of but one to be so blessed a result that they will neither shrink from the toil, nor quail under any discouragement. "I am sir,

"Your very obedient servant,

"March 26, 1850. "ASHLEY."

WAR PREPARATIONS IN A TIME OF PEACE.

It is sometimes said, by persons yet in the leading-strings of inherited prejudice, and with little appreciation of the true safety of the principles of Peace, that all these comprehensive preparations for war are needed for the protection of the country against enemies from abroad. Wishing to present our cause, without raising any superfluous question as to what have been called "defensive wars," on which there are varieties of opinion among the opponents of War, let me say in reply—*and here all can unite*—that if these preparations should be so needed at any time, according to the aggressive martial interpretation of the right of self-defence, there is much reason to believe it would be, because the unchristian spirit in which they have their birth, and which lowers and scowls in the very nameZ of the ships, had provoked the danger—as the presence of a bravo in our houses might challenge the attack which he was hired to resist. Frederick of Prussia, sometimes called the Great—with an honesty or impudence unparalleled in the history of warriors—has left on record, most instructively prominent among the real reasons which urged him to make war upon Maria Theresa, *that he had troops always ready to act*—Thus did these *preparations* for War become, as they have too often shown themselves, the *incentives* to War. A careful consideration of human nature, whether as manifest in the conduct of individuals or of communities will show that the fatal War Spirit derives much of its aliment from these preparations. Indeed, they unquestionably sow the seeds of the evil, which some persons vainly imagine they help to avert. Let it never be forgotten—let it be treasured as a solemn warning of history—that it was the possession of *troops always ready to act*, that helped inspire that bloody War of seven years, which, first pouncing upon Saxony, at last connected itself with the strifes of England and France, and drew under its hostile banners in the distant colonies across the Atlantic, even the savages of the forest.

But I deny distinctly that these preparations are needed for any just self-defence. In the first place, it is difficult, if not impossible, to suppose any such occasion, in the Fraternity of Christian States, if War should cease to be an established Arbitrament, or if any State should be so truly great as to refuse to appeal to it. There is no such occasion among the towns, or counties, or states, of our extended country. There is no such occasion among the counties of Great Britain, or among the provinces of France. But the same sentiments of good will and fellowship, the same ties of commerce which unite towns, counties, states and provinces, are fast drawing into similar communion the whole Commonwealth of Nations. France and England, so long regarded as natural enemies, are now better known to each other, than only a short time ago, were different provinces of the former kingdom. And at the present moment, there is a closer intimacy in business and social intercourse, between Great Britain and our own country, than there was at the beginning of the present century, between Massachusetts and Virginia.

But admitting that an enemy might approach our shores, with purposes of piracy, or plunder, or conquest, who can doubt that our surest protection would be found—not in the insane waste of previous preparations—not in the idle fortresses along our coasts, built at a cost far surpassing all our light-houses, and all our colleges—but in the intelligence, union, and pacific repose of good men, with the unbounded resources derived from an uninterrupted devotion to productive industry! I think it may be assumed as beyond question, in the present light of political economy, that the people who have spent most sparingly in preparations for War—all other things being equal—must possess the most enduring means of actual self-defence at home, on their own soil, before their own hearths—if any such melancholy alternative should occur. Consider the prodigious sums that have been squandered by the United States, since the adoption of the Federal Constitution, in support of the War System, exceeding in all two thousand millions of dollars. Surely, if these means had been devoted to railroads and canals, to schools and colleges, our country would possess, at the present moment, an accumulated material power grander far than any she now boasts. But there is another power of more unfailing temper, which would be hers also. Overflowing with intelligence, with charity, with civilization, with all that constitutes a generous state, she would be able to win peaceful triumphs transcending all she has yet achieved—surrounding the land with an invincible self-defensive might, and, in their unfading brightness, rendering all glory from War impossible. Well does the poet say, with most persuasive truth:

What constitutes a State?
Not high-raised battlement or labored mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned;
Not bays and broad-armed ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
But MEN, high minded MEN.

Such men will possess a Christian greatness, which shall render them unable to do an injury to a neighbor, while their character, instinct with all the guardian virtues, shall render their neighbors unable to do an injury to them, and there shall be none to molest them or make them afraid.

The injunction, "In time of Peace prepare for War," is of Heathen origin. As a rule of international conduct, it is unworthy of an age of Christian light. It can be vindicated only on two grounds. First, by assuming that the Arbitrament of War is the proper agency for deciding controversies between nations, and that the War System is, therefore, to be maintained and strengthened,—as the essential means of international justice. Or, second, by assuming the rejected dogma of an atheist philosopher, Hobbes that war is the natural state of man. What ever may be the infirmities of our passions, all must perceive that the natural state of individuals, in which they have the highest happiness, and to which they tend by an irresistible heavenly attraction is Peace. And this is true of communities and of nations, as well as of individuals. The proper rule should be, "in time of Peace cultivate the arts of Peace." So doing you will render the country truly strong and truly great—not by arousing the passions of War, not by nursing men to the business of blood, not by converting the land into a flaming arsenal, a magazine of gunpowder, or an "infernal machine," all ready to explode—but by dedicating its whole energies to useful and beneficent works.

In condemning the War System, as a barbarous and most wasteful agency, the token and relic of a state of society alien to Christian civilization, we may except the navy, so far as it may be necessary in the arrest of pirates, of traffickers in human flesh, and generally in preserving the police of the sea. But after the present survey, it will be difficult for the unprejudiced mind to regard the array of fortifications and of standing armies, otherwise than as obnoxious to the condemnation which attaches to the War System. The fortifications are the instruments, and the army are the hired champions of the great Duel of Nations. [Sumner's Peace Address.

THE TEMPERANCE DUTIES OF THE TEMPERATE.

1. Men are not isolated individuals, each having a right to do what is legal and pleasant for himself alone, without regard to others.

2. Those who are strong, and personally secure in moral character, ought, if need be, to deny themselves some harmless gratifications, for the sake of aiding the weak and tempted.

3. It is the duty of every man, positively, to shape his life for the purpose of making his neighbor, as well as himself, better.

These principles have their highest sanction, and most glorious exemplification in the life of Jesus Christ, who came "not to be ministered unto, but to minister."

In the light of these teachings of the Bible, I think we shall be very cleary guided to the following position, with respect to the class of the community to whom allusion has been made, viz:

The temperate portion of society—those who have already discharged all the duties toward themselves, which the Gospel principles of Temperance demand—have duties to perform, out of themselves, toward the tempted and the fallen.

This point conceded, we are naturally led to the exposition of the temperance duties of the temperate. They will be seen at once, and of necessity, to divide themselves into two classes, viz: preventative and recuperative. Let us examine them in this order.

1. *What are the preventative duties of the temperate?* In other words, what can temperate men do to keep other men from becoming intemperate? Duty is measured by capacity and opportunity, and if there is anything which they can do for this end, it is their duty to do it.

(1.) One thing which temperate men can do to prevent others from becoming intemperate is, to make it sure that they themselves are not, by unguarded words or deeds, stumbling blocks in the way of others.

It has almost passed into a proverb that one inconsistent Christian is worse for the world than a dozen Infidels. The rectitude of a man's character gives force to his opinions, sometimes even more when those opinions are wrong, than when they are right; and a personally temperate man, who says or does things which have a vinous or alcoholic savor, will do more to ruin some young man, that all the direct temptations in Boston.

(2.) Another thing which temperate men can do as a preventative to Intemperance in others, is, to make it known that their Temperance is a matter of conscience, and not of whim or fancy. Intemperance in the use of strong drinks will never be banished from the land, until it is taken out of the catalogue of inexpediences, and put it into that of deadly sins.

Men have passions in other directions as well as the lusts of the throat. Why are they not as freely gratified? Why is there as much morality as there really is, among us in regard to the sixth and seventh commandments? Not because depraved human nature might not find a loathsome and diabolic pleasure in lust and murder, but because they are held by good men to be infamous—to be disgraceful, damning *crimes*. In like manner the sin of drunkenness ought to be judged as an offence against the body and the soul, and the State—as done against the life temporal and the life everlasting—as something of which a man cannot be guilty and be decent before men, or just before God.

Let some respectable and honored citizen casually and carelessly say in the ear of young men, in reference to the seventh commandment, that the idea of anything right or wrong, in the case is all a bugbear—that to be sure, he has always preferred in his own circumstances, purity of life, yet it is a thing which every man must settle for himself—who does not see that the influence of his words must be deadly in the extreme, to those who look upon him as the oracle of what is sensible and polite in life. Let him say the opposite, and who does not see that their natural conscience, and mayhap their tender reminiscence of a mother's tearful words, may be strengthened thereby into a moral power which shall be the salvation of their life!

(3.) Another thing (kindred to the last) which temperate men ought to do, to save others from Intemperance, is, to create a public sentiment which shall make it disgraceful to young men to drink wine or strong drink. The importance of this, in the present condition of things, can hardly ever be estimated. Men are so much easily influenced by what others will think and say of them, than by the simple considerations of right, that this becomes really the strongest practical lever for moving the multitude. A man cannot long brave a powerfully opposed public sentiment, unless he has conscience on his side. Let it be at once and forever settled, that no young man would be employed by our merchants, or admitted to our first society, or recognized in the street or in the drawing-room by virtuous females, who is known to commit the crime of drunkenness, even in its incipient, wineglass stages; and it would not be long before a new aspect would come over our city. Young men, if they wished to make bacchanalian beasts of themselves, would begin as if they wished to counterfeit or forge—would burrow down into some dark, damp, dismal hole, and glance guiltily over the left shoulder as they put down the bottle, as burglars watch for the Police.

A single family may take such ground upon this subject, as shall influence perhaps a dozen young men, who, in many ways, feel their social power, and wish to be respectable in their eyes. This may save those twelve men, while at the same time silently, yet effectually appealing to other families to do the same. Thus a neighborhood will, by and by, be set right. Let this be true of a few separate localities—thus becoming the nuclei of blessing, and it will be both simple and natural for these several influences to widen and widen, till, from their several extremes, they meet, and coalesce, and you have, as their result, your desired public opinion. This is evidently the process by which every moral reform has been achieved. And thus easy has God made it for men to do good, when they wish to do it enough to brave the needful trials and

remove it into the catalogue of prohibited articles.

Nothing is clearer than the position that, on the common principles of legal justice, men have no right to do that for private gain, which is deeply and decidedly injurious to the community.

This is recognized in the statutes of several States for the suppression of Lotteries, and in the regulation of the sale of Gunpowder. It is recognized also, in an act of our own statute Book forbidding the sale of unwholesome provisions, as well as in many others of similar import which might be named. There are two, to which I may be pardoned for making fuller reference. In 1723, the General Court of Massachusetts passed an "Act for preventing abuses in the distilling of rum and other strong liquors, *with leaden heads or pipes*"—forbidding the same under the heavy penalty of £100 for each offence, on the ground that liquors so distilled were poisonous, and of course, deadly to the community. It only remains to show that liquors distilled through *any* "heads or pipes" are poisonous, and we have the case, under this very act. Again, we find upon our Statute Book the following prohibitory law: "If any person shall put or throw into any water within this State, for the purpose of destroying any fish therein, any of the cocculus indicus, otherwise called Indian berry, or Indian cockle, or any other poisonous substance, whether the same be mixed with any other substance or not, he shall forfeit the sum, &c. &c." The reason of this law lies plainly in the danger of the community, from water thus poisoned, for the venal purpose of catching fish easier than by the common method. Now I most respectfully submit that if it is right to protect the community from ponds-full of the solution of "cocculus indicus, otherwise called Indian berry or Indian cockle, or any other poisonous substance," it is just and legal to protect them also from casks and demijohns and junk-bottles full of the same rascally mixtures, concocted for the vile purpose of enabling certain men to get rich faster than by honest toil. If it is wrong to poison fish, is it right to poison men?

The fact is, that all those principles of justice which manifest themselves for the restraint of the few for the good of the many, in our penal code (and of which nobody complains); by super-eminence of truth, apply to the endangering human lives by the sale of intoxicating liquors, simply that some of the hardest hearted men God ever suffered to live on his earth, may accumulate wealth thereby. The risk—the actual evil result, bears no comparison in the case of all the other prohibited articles united—to the danger here. And if the consideration of the public good has made the one illegal, so, by an intensity of reasoning, it must the other. I repeat it, then—on the ordinary principles of common legislative justice, no man has, or can have, abstractly, a right to sell Ardent Spirits, in any disguise, as a beverage. The business ought to be stopped.

But time and your patience will fail me, if I hasten not to our second subdivision of the responsibilities of the temperate, and briefly inquire:

II. What are their recuperative duties toward the tempted and fallen? What can they, and therefore, what ought they, to do for the reformation of those and multitudes who have overpast the checks of conscience, the voice of a better nature, and the preventative influences of society and kindred, and are under the power of the destroyer? Permit me to suggest:

1. Believe in the possibility of their recovery to virtue. Though a severe, it is not a hopeless labor for them to retrace their steps. God has aided many to come back even from these loathsomest gates of the grave. His Providence has proved it possible for the victim even in his last states, to reform, and in so doing has bidden us, relying on his aid, to have faith for all.

2. Deal kindly, though faithfully, with these returning prodigals. They cannot rise alone. They must be seconded by a cordial and cheering sympathy, or they will sink again, before their physical rallying is complete.—An eager and unwearied love must stand sentinel over their appetites, until conscience has had time to be strong again, and reason to raise up and resume her shattered throne. The bruised reed must not be broken by severe rebuke,—nor the smoking flax quenched by a chilling and aristocratic reserve. Drunkenness is both a moral and physical disease, and its unhappy victims, in their efforts to recovery, should be treated with all that delicate consideration and cheerful encouragement, which mark our conduct toward any convalescent invalid.

3. It is the duty of the temperate to unite with others in active measures for the recovery of the drunkard from his vice. I assume that it is the duty of the temperate to do something for the drunkard—and if so—to do the most possible; and assert that associated effort, here as elsewhere, best economizes time and strength, while at the same time, concentrating them most surely and most successfully toward a desired result.—[H. M. Dexter.

THE EVIL OF SECTARIANISM.

In every part of the world, those who profess to be the followers of Christ are organized in discordant and rival sects, and are distinguished from each other by party names and party badges and watchwords, quite as much as they are distinguished from the world by the manifestation of their common attachment to Christ. This condition of the great Christian commonwealth is sometimes unadvisedly spoken of as a good thing; and doubtless it is a good thing in comparison with the dead uniformity, which might be obtained by the suppression of intellectual freedom and of the sense of individual responsibility to God. But considered in itself and in its consequenses, rather than in its origin as a necessary incident of the great right of private judgment, it is commonly and justly acknowledged to be an evil. And yet, we apprehend there are few who have distinctly considered what the evil is.

What then is the precise evil of Sectarianism? What is it in the present condition of the universal church, which Paul, if he were writing to the churches of this day, would rebuke as he rebuked the spirit of faction in the church at Corinth? "Is Christ divided? Was Paul crucified for you? Or were ye baptized in the name of Paul?"

The evil in question is not that there are various opinions among Christians on what are commonly recognised as important points of Christian doctrine. Doubtless the *extent* to which doctrinal differences are carried is an evil, and is intimately connected with the evil now in question. But the fact that diversities exist in the understanding and logical explanation of Christian doctrines, is a fact altogether different from the division of Christians into hostile parties. To insist that there can be no union of Christians except on the basis of perfect identity respecting every point of theolgy, is to make union forever impossible. The Scriptures propose no such condition of union. "Him that is weak in the faith, receive ye, but not to doubtful disputations." They manifestly expect that while some are strong and clear in their apprehensions of truth, and have made superior attainments in evangelical knowledge, there will be others whose prejudices and narrowness must be kindly endured, whose ignorance must be gently instructed, whose errors must be gradually removed. All experience tells us that such diversities of knowledge, and consequently of understanding and opinion, are to be expected. Such differences exist, at the present moment, not only between different communions founded each on its own doctrinal basis, but between opposite parties within the pale of each communion;—nay such differences exist in every party and in every particular church. It may even be doubted whether any two individuals can be found on earth, whose opinions on every question of doctrine would be found, if thoroughly sifted, perfectly the same. And how can it be otherwise when God's revelation to men is made in human language, addressed to the human apprehensions, and to be interpreted by human faculties? Common sense answers the question. Diversity of opinion on questions of theological doctrine is one thing. The division of Christ's followers into rival and contentious factions is another thing. Nor does the latter proceed from the former by any legitimate necessity.

It is also important to observe the difference between the evil which we are attempting to define, and the fact that various Christian assemblies, and various collective bodies of Christians, have their own various forms of church government and of worship. There are those who are confident that diversities in church government and in forms of worship, are the very evil in question, and that there can be no peace among Christians, no intermission of sectarian feuds, till all shall unite in submission to the same ecclesiastical authority and in the use of the same modes of worship. Is there any wisdom in such an opinion—any of the wisdom which the Scriptures teach—any of the wisdom which ought to be gathered from eighteen centuries of experience!

The evil in question consists in this,—that differences of theological opinion, and differences of outward form and administration, and differences of judgment on complicated ethical questions, are seized as occasions for the exercise of a factious and contentious spirit in the Church of God. The sectarian spirit is the spirit which cannot tolerate a necessary and legitimate (or at least an inevitable and tolerable) diversity. It is the spirit which must needs bring all parties to an exact uniformity. It is the spirit which makes uniformity, to an unwarranted and unreasonable degree, the condition of religious friendship and fellowship.

If the question be asked, who are Christians that may be recognised and respected as Christians, we answer, those who receive and practice the Christian religion. If it be asked, what is the Christian religion which all who are to be respected as Christians must accept and practice, we answer, by referring to the Holy Scriptures which are its only authoritative records. For a more precise and compendious answer, we refer to those ancient and accepted summaries, the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments as expounded by Christ in his Sermon on the Mount. The first as summing up the historic essence of the Christian faith—the story of the gospel. The second as the authentic standard of Christian worship. The third as the Divine compend of all Christian duty. These are familiarly spoken of by old writers as the *credenda*, the things to be *believed*, the things to be *prayed for*, and the things to be *done*. He also believes devoutly in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth; and in Jesus Christ his only Son our Lord, who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, and born of the Virgin Mary, who suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried, who rose again the third day, who ascended into heaven and sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty, and who thence will come to judge the living and the dead. He also believes in the holy universal church; the communion of saints, the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body and the life everlasting. He who thus believes in simplicity and godly sincerity, holds the essential things of Christian faith.

In like manner, he whose devout desires are daily offered up to God in conformity with that model and guide of devotion which the Saviour gave to his disciples, is a Christian worshiper; his worship, wherever "said or sung," is essentially Christian worship. And so he who conscientiously and diligently, with the fear of God in the faith of Christ, and with the hope of strength and guidance from the Holy Spirit, undertakes and endeavors to obey the ten commandments as expounded by Christ, is sound in regard to the essential things of Christian duty. The sectarian spirit is the spirit which goes beyond these essential things, with a domineering and inexorable demand for uniformity,—the spirit of those who, while they demand for themselves full liberty of judgment, deny that liberty to others. Accordingly, when it has framed its own theological exposition of Christian doctrine, (as every Christian, and every Christian church has a right to do,) it disowns and denounces all who argue differently. When it has framed its own arrangements for worship and order in the church, it disfranchises and unchurches all who are of a different taste or judgment. When it has decided for itself on a disputed point of Christian duty, it excommunicates those whose decision swerves from that mark to the right or to the left.

Under the influence of this spirit, every difference becomes dismemberment, and every variety of mental constitution or habits tends to a disruption of all friendly relations. There is a far better state of things just now in respect to sectarian hostilities, than there was thirty or even twenty years ago, but to how great an extent is it true even now, that the visible formal ties, the public recognitions and relations which connect one Christian with another, connect them not as members of Christ, but rather as members of this or that sectarian body. One Christian is united to another in a formal fellowship, not so much because they agree with other Christians, as because they differ from other Christians; the visible bond of their fellowship is not so much that they are both Christians, as it is that they are both Congregationalists, or both Baptists, or both Episcopalians; it is not that they both rejoice to sit at the feet of Jesus, as it is that they are both Calvinists, or both Lutherans, or both Wesleyans, or both followers of some other human leader. In the exercise of the sectarian spirit, he who is of Paul, he who is of Apollos, and he who is of Cephas, refuse to tolerate each other's variant opinions, and habitually fail to recognise each other in that higher relation in which they are one in Christ. [Independent.

SLANDERERS, MALE AND FEMALE.

Blessing and bane are so closely coupled in all matters pertaining to the good things of life, that we need not wonder that many ills flow out of every abuse of the gift of speech. Talk is spontaneous as breathing, as we have said but it is far from being always as inoffensive. White handed Brinvilliers, who poisoned a few people, will be for ages held up to execration. Have we never seen a woman who has poisoned twice as many, for life and death, and who yet passes for a good sort of a woman? "apt to speak her mind, but meaning no harm,"—with so little appearance of premeditation or evil intent do her cruelest stabs come. She does not report what she has heard—or she has it from good authority—or she did not say more than others said! In the course of a morning visit she will skewer a whole street of her "friends" like a lunch of kibaubs, and all peppered for the most fastidious palate. And it must not be thought that women are the only sinners in this regard. There are men, too, who, without the excuse of vacuity or idleness, take a dreadful pleasure in stripping from their compeers the garb in which they appear to the world, and this under a pretence of love of truth and justice. These disinterested champions of truth and justice are the last men to lay bare their own conscious secret faults to the public eye for the public good. Let us pray that the thing upon which we value ourselves most may never be mentioned in their hearing! Be it wit or wealth, beauty or good humor, humanity, steadfastness, sincerity, or delicacy, pre-eminence in fashion or in learning, success in literature, patience in sorrow, honest effort in adversity, or what not,—though it be the immediate jewel of our souls, no card-house was ever demolished with greater coolness than will this favorite wing or turret of character be by the cool breath of the habitual detractor. He speaks daggers, and every other word stabs. [Mrs. Kirkland.

Working Christians.—Learn to be working Christians. "Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own souls." It is very striking to see the uselessness of many Christians. Are there none of you who know what it is to be selfish in your Christianity? You have seen a selfish child go into a secret place to enjoy some delicious morsel undisturbed by its companions? So it is with some Christians. They feed upon Christ and forgiveness, but it is all alone and all for themselves.

Are there not some of you, who can enjoy being a Christian, while your dearest friend is not, and you will not speak to him? See, here you have got your work to do. When Christ found you, he said, "Go work in my vineyard." What were you saved for, if it was not to spread salvation? What blessed for? Oh, my Christian friends, how little you live as if you were the servants of Christ! how much idle time and idle talk you have! This is not like a good servant. How many things you have to do for yourself! —how few for Christ and his people! This is not like a good servant.—[McCheyne.

We do not Pray Enough. Felix Neff once made the following comparison: "When a pump is frequently used, but little pains are necessary to have water; the water pours out at the first stroke, because it is high. But if the pump has not been used for a long time, the water gets low; and when you want it, you must pump it a long while, and the water comes only after great efforts. It is so with prayer; if we are instant in prayer, every little circumstance awakens the disposition to pray, and desires and words are always ready. But if we neglect prayer, it is difficult for us to pray; for the water in the well gets low."

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

Boston, Saturday, June 15, 1850.

SUNDAY TRAVELLING.

We have received a copy of a recent Sunday newspaper, containing a sermon by an eminent clergyman, entirely devoted to the advocacy of Sunday railroad trains. We have read it with unqualified dissent and unmingled regret. If we may be allowed to quote the trite witticism of Talleyrand, "it was more than a sin,—it was a mistake." Supposing the measure under discussion justifiable, and the scruples of the more religious groundless, still these are not the days in which Mammon needs the preacher's help to secure his own rights, nor yet in which excessive conscientiousness is a crying evil. Indeed scruples for conscience' sake have become so infrequent, that we look upon them with reverence as the memorials of a less wordly and more believing generation. Sooner would we yield up any measure of our own freedom as to points that may be mooted, than wound the tender consciences of those, whom humanely speaking we may call our weaker brethren, but whose very weakness is a token of spiritual health and strength. If railroad corporations can make money by Sunday trains, they will not wait for a pulpit license; and the very men, whose cupidity will not let them suspend the running of their engines, will be among the first to scorn and spurn the license and the pulpit from which it issues.

But our preacher is not even willing that the question of Sunday trains should be left open. He denies the right to obtrude their objections. In so doing they interfere with the Christian (!) liberty of those, who "regard not the day," and whose undoubted prerogative it is to thunder their non-regard through quiet villages and in the audience of worshipping assemblies. And especially, men have no right to possess any superior reverence for the Sabbath, so long as they are not as vehemently opposed as the preacher to certain social wrongs and evils, which he deems worse than Sabbath-breaking. But we would remind him, that the true question is not, whether inaction on the subject of slavery is a greater sin than the violation of the Sabbath, but whether natural or revealed religion attaches any peculiar sanctity to the Sabbath. If this last question be answered in the affirmative, two wrongs do not make a right, nor can the sin of indifference to the slave or the preference of the Union to certain specific plans for the abolition of slavery, render it the sinner's duty to violate the Sabbath also. If there are those, who are more strict in keeping the ritual than the moral law, the voice of Christian wisdom is not, "Despise the ritual and keep the moral law," but, "These things ye ought to have done, and not to leave the others undone."

Whatever judgment may be formed concerning the Sabbath, the Church and the Sabbath are indissolubly bound together, and the permanence of the one depends on the sanctity in which the other is held. If the day of worship is to be secularized, the house of worship must be deserted, and the preacher's function must decline and die out. Unless there be some ground of religious duty, on which men are to cease from business and unnecessary journeying on the Lord's day, there is no good reason why they should on that day hear sermons and unite in social devotion. If reverence for the Sabbath be an evil to be reformed or a nuisance to be abated, he who so regards it ought certainly not to shrink from assailing it. But the pulpit is no place for him. The sermon is fittingly given to the "Sunday Ledger," but it was a wrong and an injury to preach it. It has been well said, "He who throws stones at the church windows ought to stand outside." We would emphasize the *ought* in this sententious maxim; for if free utterance is every man's right, it still is every man's duty to choose an appropriate and honest place for the promulgation of whatever doctrine he feels bound to publish. The minister is employed to maintain and defend the established institution of religion. So long as he can do this conscientiously and heartily, let him occupy the pulpit. His inability to do this any longer without compromising his own integrity renders it incumbent on him to resign his office, and to choose such other modes of publishing his opinions as the secular press or lecture room may leave open for him.

The question of the Sabbath is by no means disposed of, when it is shown that the Jewish law of the Sabbath involved many commands and prohibitions inconsistent with Christian freedom. Before this institution is to be set aside, it must be shown, how without it the labourer is to be insured his needful seasons of relaxation, how social worship and religious communion are to be maintained without the setting apart of consecrated seasons for this end, or how without such worship and communion a sense of religious obligation is to be preserved, nourished, diffused and transmitted. Humanly speaking, Christianity could survive the Sabbath, only long enough to win notoriety for its ghastly decline and lingering death. We have yet to learn what harm the Sabbath does, what rights are invaded by the reverence with which it is still regarded, what social wrongs or individual sins it helps sustain. We trust that we have not yet to learn by woful experience, what evil, guilt and misery must flow from its general disuse or desecration.

Sunday trains are advocated on the ground that they enable those who have toiled all the week to enjoy the country air, to visit their friends, and to take the recreation for which their employers give them no other season. We believe that sober and well disposed persons of this class are in general satisfied with the domestic repose and quiet, the walk to the sanctuary, and the means of mental and religious improvement proffered by the Lord's day. Where Sunday trains have been established, they have not been filled by the industrious and worthy portion of the community, but by the idle, dissipated and corrupt,—by the very class of people, against whose society it would be well that the better portion of the poor should be sedulously guarded. The chief benefit that results from such an arrangement would be the weekly depletion of city rowdyism, which is more than counterbalanced by its overflow into surrounding villages and rural haunts, where it is unsufferable annoying and pestilential. We would indeed have more thought taken than has yet been for the recreation of the laboring classes. They most of all, on account of the unspiritual routine of the week's service, need the unbroken consecration of the Sabbath for the good of their higher natures. But we cannot think that any injurious results would follow, or any less work be done, if the time of weekly labor ceased on Saturday noon, and thus by the weekly half-holiday the temptation of Sabbath-breaking were diminished, and the needs of the physical and social nature provided for. This is a privilege generally accorded to the slaves on the southern plantations. Can it be less needed by farm servants, journeymen or factory operatives?

One consideration to be taken into the account in this matter of Sunday trains is, that, if they are run, a very large number of engineers, firemen, conductors, brakemen and station masters, must be, not occasionally, but permanently cut off from the privileges of the Sabbath, and must be put and kept under a ban of virtual excommunication. Such a procedure, involving the interests for both worlds of so large a class of our fellow-men, can be justified only on the plea of a necessity so manifest, intense and earnest, as to supersede positive law.

The public have important interests at stake in this issue. Steam is a fearful agent, when under the management of the reckless and irresponsible. We need for the guidance of our public conveyances eminently sober, trustworthy, faithful men, such men as love the Sabbath and the sanctuary. We could specify lines of railroad almost exclusively under the management of such men, on which accidents never take place, and the risk of life and limb is represented by an inappreciable fraction. But persons of this class will resign their places rather than their Sabbaths; or, if they keep their places on the railroad and forsake their seats in the house of prayer, it will be with a rapid deterioration of character. We should deem it an immense public evil for our railroads to come under the control of the class of men, who will consent to run the Sunday trains. We write only what we know, when we say that we must lose in that event many of the very functionaries, whose caution, fidelity and courtesy are among our chief securities and comforts in travelling, and to whom we owe it, not only that the strong and self-reliant can pursue their journey in safety, but that invalids, children and unprotected females find their condition an unfailing claim upon urbanity and kindness.

NEW MEETING MINISTRY TO THE POOR.

Fifth Report presented to the Annual General Meeting.

This New Meeting is the meeting house of the congregation in Birmingham, England, of which Dr. Priestley was once the Pastor. And this is the Annual Report of a Domestic Mission, maintained by that Christian Society.

In connection with this Mission, there is a minister of rare spirit and efficiency, Mr. J. G. Brooks. There is a large chapel, in which there are Sabbath and week-day services—there is a Sunday School—there is a girls' evening school—there is a sewing class—there is a day school—and there is a fund for rendering relief to the needy, by gifts of food, clothing, and the means of obtaining medical advice. And, also in connection with this Mission, there is a People's Instruction Society, with a Library, with a Reading-room, supplied with newspapers and periodicals, and in which lectures are delivered; and the number of members in this Society is about six hundred and fifty.

And there are evening classes for instruction in Reading, Writing, and Arithmetic—there is a Singing class—there is a class for the study of Grammar, &c.—there is an Elocution class—there is a Discussion class, and there is a Chess class.

And all these classes and schools, and other agencies of good, are only the half of what the Unitarians of Birmingham maintain in support of the Mission to the Poor. For there is supported by the Unitarians of Birmingham, another Domestic Mission, with a beautiful chapel and fine school rooms, and an indefatigable minister, the Rev. Thomas Bowring.

And besides these institutions, there are supported by the Unitarian Societies of that town, immensely large Sunday Schools, good Day Schools, a Brotherly Society, Fellowship Funds, and a noble edifice, in which a number of girls are lodged, maintained, clothed, educated, and singularly well-fitted for usefulness in life.

And all this is done by three not very numerous congregations.

Any mention of the theology, which Dr. Priestley once taught so successfully in the town of Birmingham, is suggestive to American Unitarians only of materialism, and necessarianism, and other doctrines of coolness, and mechanical life. But it is time that it should be known here, that in Dr. Priestley's theology, there must have been some one good, deep root. The tree may be known by its fruit, and it has borne good fruit in England.

It has produced some indisposition to the doctrines of spiritualism; and it has ripened but little denominational success. This is true; but there are other things quite as true, which are little known here. English Unitarianism has been the religious incitement of not a few of the noblest benefactors of society. And it has been the inspiration, by which not a few men have lived heroic lives, enduring orthodox persecution and episcopalian oppression. And what is best in the public spirit of very many towns has very largely had its beginning and maintenance from within Unitarian Churches.

Numbers and circumstances allowed for, perhaps there has never been a class of men superior to the Unitarians of England, in public spirit and public usefulness. Most commonly their services have been of an unobtrusive yet most effectual kind. In many towns they are "the salt of the earth;" their excellence being especially that of character.

Coleridge and Southey, and some episcopalian writers, have been authorities by whose representations English Unitarians have been too exclusively judged in America. Coleridge was what he was, and Southey was a Tory, who had once been a Radical; and usually episcopalian authors in England describe Unitarians with pens dipped in the gall of bitterness. But the works of a man are more trustworthy testimony about him than the scoffs or the charges of his enemies. And after the perusal of what has been written above, there will be few persons but will be willing at least to give honor to the Unitarians of Birmingham. W. M.

HOW TO CREATE SKEPTICISM OR SUPERSTITION.

From the age of sixteen to twenty-five, the heart is not only peculiarly open to religious impressions, but the mind generally craves distinct ideas on the great subjects of which religion treats. During this period, in most cases, one's religious direction is taken for life. If a young person allows it to go by, without making himself acquainted with the principles of the religion which he nominally receives, there are several results which almost necessarily follow.

1. He has formed the habit of treating religion, when he is most sensitive to its claims, with a certain careless disregard, and this habit as he grows older will grow stronger and deaden his religious sensibilities.

2. He enters on life with no settled religious convictions, his mind all afloat, with no definite knowledge of what Christ taught, with enough fragmentary knowledge of Christianity to enable him to join in any rambling discussion, but not enough for an established faith. His mind is peculiarly open to doubt. He knows enough for doubt, not enough for belief. He hears some casual objection of skepticism. He is too ignorant both of what Christianity is, and of its evidences, to answer it. It may be utterly trifling and frivolous, but it is too much for him. It sends a jar through his mind and creates a general feeling of distrust and uncertainty. He feels that he has not even settled the primary question, whether Christianity is or is not true. He hears other objections, and in his ignorance of the general subject, they are sufficient to shatter his loosely compacted faith. The only way to relieve himself from this state, is to make himself acquainted with Christianity in the same way as he would with any other important subject.

3. But now comes in another element. He is entering the business of life, is engrossed with plans and hopes and cares, and is likely to think that he has no time for those inquiries which he is conscious that he needs. His mind sinks into a permanent uncertainty and doubt. He sees around him various religious sects. He knows nothing respecting the merits of the questions which they discuss. He easily thinks that truth is unattainable, and at length, through the force of habit and the decay of religious feeling, thinks it not worth the seeking; and so he goes on through life, not disbelieving, but in a state of unbelief. He may respect Christianity, may choose not to disregard its institutions, but after all, it has little power over him.

There is another class who pursue the same general course, but with whom, from the greater strength of the religious sentiment, the result is different. Their religous feelings repel the suggestions of skepticism, but they have no settled religious convictions on which to steady and support themselves. Their feelings are like the wreaths of mist which hang in the air and drift this way or that with the passing breeze. Such persons are at the mercy of every enthusiast and fanatic, whom they meet. They know enough for superstition, but not enough for faith.

But what remedy for this? We believe it is to be found only in the more thorough and systematic religious instruction of the young. We think that this is the great want in the religious ministrations of our time. Enough is done to awaken the religious sensibilities of children, and there is enough preaching to the mature. The great need is that young men and young women should start in life well-instructed in that religion which, if any, is to be theirs. The more complete the education in other departments, the more essential in this, in order that the balance of mind and the balance of subjects may be preserved. There can be no security for the healthful power of religion over society, unless the young be so educated as to form for themselves intelligent and settled religious convictions.

For this reason we have taken great interest in the efforts made by the Middlesex Sunday School Association, to provide a series of text-books for a regular and systematic course of religious instruction. It is proposed that the series shall consist first of Hymns and a simple Catechism, then questions on the New and Old Testaments, to be followed by books on Natural Theology, the Evidences of Christianity, Christian Ethics and Doctrines and Practical Piety. They have recently published a little work by Archbishop Whately, containing Introductory Lessons on Christian Evidences, as a part of this series. It seems to be well fitted for its purpose, and we trust that the Association will go on with the good work it has begun. We believe that it is engaged in supplying what is our greatest want. We are persuaded that in order to promote the morality, religion and welfare of the next generation, one of the very first and most essential conditions is to promote clear, intelligent, settled religious convictions.

THE STUMP ORATOR.

We may from time to time have spoken somewhat irreverently of Carlyle. His extravagance, the contortions of his style, his one-sidedness in one publication, repel us, while his next attracts us by its vigorous thought, its resolute insight, its contempt of what is superficial, and its manly dealing with a great subject. After making all possible abatements, he is one of the ablest thinkers and writers of the present day, and few living authors have left so deep a print of themselves on the mind of the time. The fifth of his Latter-day Pamphlets is on the Stump Orator. The subject is one of the first magnitude, and of greater interest in this country than in any other.

It is surprising how nearly all of the higher kinds of education look primarily and principally to the art of speech. The spelling-book, grammar, rhetoric, logic, elocution, the study of languages have for a principal end the cultivation of the faculty of putting into words what is in the mind. What are deemed the more intellectual occupations to a great extent deal in words. Law, theology, politics, book-writing, the editing of newspapers and periodicals—the first essential of all success in these departments, is skill and readiness in the use of words. The most eloquent talker secures the admiration of the crowd, and nearly all places of distinction. Every thing fosters and encourages the faculty of speech. Education is not so much directed to make men noble and wise, as to cultivating the rhetorical art of uttering noble sentiments and of putting a wise show on such notions as one sees fit to defend. Every thing runs to tongue. There is an incontinence of talk. "People that have missions" mean generally by this that they wish to occupy the platform and talk. There is the disposition to consider nothing of value, till it has uttered itself in words. The most sacred feelings are dragged out into the public meeting. Of course the objection is not to the legitimate use of the tongue, but that so much of the higher education is so ordered as to be less a discipline for essential qualities of mind and character than a preparation for exhibition. The tendency is bad every way.

It mistakes the true purpose of education, which is to raise one to the highest level of manhood, to make him wise, upright, devout and brave, to prepare him to act and not merely to talk. And in this sense, there are multitudes of men who have scarcely read a book and whose utterance is clumsy and imperfect, who are better educated than they who can talk a leash of languages and who have a mouth full of words to be blown out like a juggler's ribbons or flames, (often as fictitious and meaningless as they,) on the least occasion. Some of the best educated men we have known have been farmers whose chief conversation was with nature and a few good books; sea-captains, whose teachers had been responsibility, danger and the great elements amidst which they lived; women, who in sorrow and solitude had sounded the depths of the human heart, deeper than the plummet of the metaphysician sinks; and others in similar positions who had learned to act wisely, energetically, nobly, but many of whom had slight power of speech.

Talking does little towards making the man. The higher qualities thrive best in silence. It is remarkable how great hearts and enterprises have been matured in solitude. In the plains of Midian, Moses meditated his great work. In years of monastic musings, the enthusiasm of Luther's soul was condensed into a force sufficient to shake the world. Nearly all men who have carried the world forward—great inventors, poets, reformers, statesmen, artists, saints—have spent their early years in comparative retirement; and it is surprising how little they have ever advanced beyond the line which they had reached, before they became famous and public. It is a common experience with all men that what they talk much of beforehand, is very likely not to be done. There is no false pretence in this, but the enthusiasm needed for action has been diffused and lost in talk. For this reason the maxim is a just one which teaches us to expect little from great talkers. A man must have an immense vitality who after talking largely and loudly, can act energetically. The men who have acted with most effect have uttered themselves principally through action. Cromwell and Washington, and Howard and Charlemagne, and a hundred others like these, were indifferent speech-makers. They would have been driven in confusion from the platform by any of our eloquent holiday orators. It by no means follows from this, however, that the orator is most of a man.

The title of Carlyle's pamphlet brings to mind what we believe to be one of the great evils of this country, and that is, stump-speech-making. There are those who regard this custom which so prevails in some parts of our country as one worthy of imitation. They mistake its influence. No more debasing influence both for mind and character could be invented than that of spending months, during every political canvass, on the stump.

Speeches are not made from that rostrum to convince the intelligent, but to gain the votes of the floating mass of the ignorant. The speech is accommodated to those who are addressed. The great business is to tell a good story, to throw ridicule on an antagonist, to present popular points in a way to strike the popular mind, and to avoid the discussion of those great principles, to understand which requires investigation, reflection and time. This cheapening of one's mind, this accommodation of one's self to ignorance, prejudice and passion, this attempt for selfish and personal ends to get round and take in the multitude, can never be long continued without degrading a man both mentally and morally. He grows rich in speech, and poor in soul. And when this power of ceaseless talking is supposed to imply the wisdom needed in legislation, the delusion is one which, if not dispelled, must be fatal to the country. As a general rule it ought to be taken for granted that the same discipline which has made one a stump orator has unfitted him for any position that requires wisdom, independence, and uprightness. Of course, there may be exceptions; but we believe the country would be a gainer, if skill in stump oratory were made an absolute disqualification for a seat in Congress. At the present time, a large part of the members of Congress from certain portions of the country, occupy their place because of their skill in stump-speech-making. They are men, many of whom have spent weeks or months in traversing their districts and making speeches to their constituents on the great questions of the day. Many were probably chosen over their competitors, not because they were wiser or more upright, but because they were more prompt and fluent in speech. And what comes of it? For six months we have had a succession of speeches, and after putting aside at the most twenty or twenty-five, and those generally made by men whose training has not been on the stump, but in quite a different school, how few have been the speeches which have been even respectable for good sense, for patriotic feeling, or for broad and national views.

But we by no means confine this criticism to political life. As a people, we have too high a respect universally for the power of talk. In philanthropy we expect to accomplish everything by speaking and writing; and in religion, even, how much is thought of the eloquence of sermons, compared with what is thought of the truth, and wisdom, and sobriety of the views they present. How often is the church treated as if it were a mere place for rhetorical display. How are crowds attracted hither and thither, not to be instructed how to become wiser and better, but to be moved and delighted with showy rhetoric. We sometimes are disposed to think that the dullest preaching is the best. For if the audience be less in number, those who do attend, go not for intellectual excitement and amusement, but to worship God. Sure we are that the value of sermons is altogether over-rated. No sermon from another is of so much worth to a man, as meditation and devotion in his own heart; and pulpit eloquence has failed of its proper end, if it lead men to speculate, rather than to pray. We every where hold words in too much honor. What we need above all to learn is, to value aright truth and moral worth and righteous action.

The pamphlet, whose title is at the head of this article, is published by Phillips & Sampson, and for sale at Crosby & Nichols's.

DR. AMOS TWITCHELL.

Died in Keene, N. H. May 26, Amos Twitchell, M. D, aged 69 years.

We do not suppose that there has ever been in our country a surgeon of greater natural ability or greater original resources than Dr. Twitchell. He was a man of rare and unquestioned genius. No one could hear him talk half an hour without being sensible of his remarkable ability. The great experiment of tying the carotid artery, which has given immortality to Sir Astley Cooper, as the signal act of his life, was performed by Dr. Twitchell two or three months before the English physician had ventured upon it. Those who have read the interesting Memoirs of Sir Astley, will remember the imposing circumstances under which the operation was performed—the minute preparations and the skilful surgical assistants whom he called in to aid him. And after all the patient died. Dr. Twitchell, having dressed a bad pistol wound in the neck of a young man in Sharon, N. H., before leaving the place, was told that it was bleeding badly. He knew instantly that the blood came from the carotid artery, and that there was but one thing to be done. With no other assistant than a coarse, uneducated woman, he dissected round the artery, and tied it with a piece of unbleached linen thread. The young man recovered. Dr. Twitchell had previously tried the experiment on animals with success.

This is but one of hundreds of cases which might be adduced to show his wonderful fertility of resources. His life was a most laborious one. For nearly forty years he rode in his practice, upon an average, forty miles a day, being called twenty, fifty and not unfrequently eighty miles from home to investigate some blind surgical case, or to perform some difficult operation. Our acquaintance with him was as a physician and friend, and we can never think of him without emotions of gratitude and affection. His intellectual perceptions were as quick as lightning, and as penetrating. Under a massive, unpolished exterior, were the warmest, the most genial and generous feelings. Whatever he engaged in at all, he entered upon with his whole might. No man labored more earnestly in the cause of temperance: he used to relate the most curious incidents which occurred to him in connection with conversational lectures, which he often gave against the use of tobacco. We have never known a man who excelled him in the mingled humor and pathos of his narrative conversation; or who equalled him in the power of imparting valuable knowledge by entertaining anecdotes. His influence was felt all around in every direction for fifty miles. Men felt that here was a man whom they could rely upon in every extremity of disease and pain. The sufferings of thousands and tens of thousands have been allevisted by him; hundreds and hundreds on the edge of the grave have by his skill been restored to their friends. His genial and cheerful spirit has dispelled the gloom of many a sad chamber and given hope to the desponding.

We look back on such a life with devout thankfulness. His deeds of unrequited charity and beneficence were performed as if he performed them not, his left hand not being permitted or not caring to know what his right hand did. His best actions came from him like his words, as if he could not help them. He died as he always wished that he might, in the harness, with faculties unimpaired till within a few days of his death.

CHRISTIAN SYMPATHY.

[We will not attempt to conceal the pleasure with which we hail every indication of a warmer sympathy among religious bodies. What follows is from an eminent clergyman with whom we have no personal acquaintance, but whose words are none the less welcome to us on that account:]

". . . . . I give thanks not only on account of the good will that has bestowed the gift, but on account of the nature of the gift. It is very gratifying to me to see the present tendencies of your paper—the disposition to build up rather than to break down—the effort to raise yourselves and other men up to the level of true Christian principles, rather than to bring those principles down to our level—the disposition to exalt the Lord Jesus Christ rather than to degrade him—the tendency to true faith rather than to infidelity—and the tendency to true charity which is love to the neighbor, rather than to selfishness, sectarianism and domination. These things I love and honor, and I wish to have you know that I do.

"I hope that I have some of the same spirit in myself. I regard it as produced by the influence of the Holy Spirit, and I conceive that one of the effects of receiving it is that it gives us the power of perceiving it in others, and that it gives us a disposition to rejoice in it, to acknowledge it, and to fraternize with it wherever we do see it.

"Gentlemen, I am very respectfully,

"Your friend and fellow-servant,

"Thomas Worcester."

Boston, May 23.

THE CUBAN INVASION.

The tendency to hero-worship is a very capital tendency, both in a "useful and ornamental" point of view, when there are heroes extant to be worshipped. But carried beyond that limitation, it is liable to involve men in wrongs as well as blunders, to make them both criminal and ridiculous. There have been persons in this country, for some time past, who would appear to have been desperately bent on hunting out some officer in a uniform, some majestic soldier, some indomitable wearer of epaulettes, sword, and moustache, whom they might enjoy the unspeakable satisfaction of following through the "breaches spouting with fire," into the bloody jaws of death. Whenever any respectable military gentleman has appeared of promising parts, at all calculated for the purpose, these enthusiastic individuals have come about him and requested him to officiate as their god. If he has consented, as too often happens, not without alacrity, they have forthwith proceeded to take some steps towards adoration

The last General that has had this proposition made to him, we believe, was Gen. Lopez. Between him and others it was agreed to combine together, sail to the island of Cuba, call on the disaffected there to turn insurgents and join the invading army, take possession of the island, displace the existing government, set up a new one, and then, of course, knock respectfully for admission into this glorious confederacy of the United States. Why should they not come in as well as Texas and New Mexico, and on similar reasons? Then there would be various pleasant offices to be distributed, to be held, to pay salaries and titles. It is stated that the invaders hoped for the assistance of the servile class in Cuba in putting down their oppressors. What would have been done with the allies afterwards, had the expedition proved successful, we are not informed.

That there were other, deeper, more politic, more far-reaching and more villanous designs mixed up, and active, in this enterprise, we have no doubt. Fortunately, when the redoubtable Gen. Lopez landed a part of the predatory and piratical force that he proudly commanded on the farther shore of Cuba, he found satisfactory motives for retiring after a short engagement to his vessels, and by the vessels, under the pursuit of a Spanish brig, for retiring to this country.

To the credit of our government, very prompt and decided measures were taken to suppress this reckless and atrocious movement, and through their instrumentality it was not only deferred, but probably so crippled that its final failure is to be largely traced to that cause.

"Plate sin with gold
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks;
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it."

What would have been the position of Gen. Lopez and the freebooters in his company before the world, had he succeeded? He has failed; he has slunk back,—we will rejoice at it in this instance—into obscurity. The short flash of flattery at Savannah has gone out. There is "none so poor as to do him reverence;" and the papers are already sending him into Coventry with Gov. Dorr, the hero of Chepachet.

REMARKS OF MR. B. C CLARK BEFORE THE AMERICAN COLONIZATION SOCIETY.

At the Annual Meeting on Wednesday, May 29, 1850.

Mr. B. C. Clark rose to move the adoption and printing of the Report, which he did in a few eloquent and able remarks. He said in substance:

I shall attempt no eulogium on the character and objects of your philanthropic enterprise, but confine myself to a few suggestions touching one of the many hindrances which you have to encounter.

It is well known to every individual in this assembly, that expressions of sympathy for the African are too often met with the declaration that his race is designed to be forever hewers of wood and drawers of water; that he is incapable of anything but the lowest degree of servitude.

As an evidence of this, we are asked to look at the deplorable condition of the free blacks in the British West India Islands. In doing this, we shall find that these *free blacks*, as they are called, are still slaves in every thing but name; as an illustration of this, it is proved on English authority that the late riot in Trinidad (in which houses were burned, plantations destroyed, and lives lost) was caused by a decree that "debtors committed under the petty civil courts' ordinance should have their hair cropped close, and wear a prison dress."

How far such punishment simply for debt is calculated to improve the condition of the Negro, I leave others to determine. The law would seem to be a harsh one—one thing is certain that if the course were pursued in our own midst towards only wholesale unconvicted swindlers and felons, we should see a considerable number of cropped heads and State Prison uniforms going at large.

It is quite evident that neither the measures which should have preceded emancipation, nor those which should have followed it, were ever adopted by the Government of England; hence we see a population exposed to the lowest vices of civilized life without the enjoyment or even the comprehension of one of its meanest advantages.

What other result could have been expected? "Men do not gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles"—we cannot reap where we have not sown.

The degraded condition of the black man of the British Islands affords no proof of the incapacity of his race, nor any argument against its ability for self-government.

But, say some philosophical theorists, the course of St. Domingo, *does* prove these things. This we utterly deny; and if the dark and terrible outline of her history be filled up by impartial hands, we shall find the Haytien a man more sinned against than sinning—the victim, not of his own imbecility, but of misplaced confidence in powerful governments which for mercenary objects have betrayed him.

Let us look for a moment at the examples which civilized and refined nations have placed before him.

Toussaint, the first remarkable Haytien Chief, was treacherously seized by the French Government, torn from his own sunny home, plunged into a dungeon in the mountains of Switzerland, and there met his death directly or indirectly at the hands of Napoleon. So much for the example of France—so much for the renowned Napoleon.

Christophe came after. His bloody career is well enough remembered, but it is not so well remembered that England was his friend, that Sir James Lucas Yeo, the commander of the British Marine in the West India Islands, was his aider and his abettor, and that he united with this barbarian in acts which it would chill the hearer's blood to tell of.

So much for the example of civilized England—so much for the meteor flag which claims to have braved the battle and the breeze for more than a thousand years. The Haytiens having, it would seem, higher notions of humanity than their white professed friends, rose against the tyrant and he fell by his own hand.

Boyer followed Christophe. It does not suit those who consider a black republic an anomally, to speak of the career of Boyer. He served them as their President for twenty-five years, during which it may safely be affirmed that there was less taking of the responsibility, on the part of the Executive, less corruption among the officers, less plundering of the treasury—less of crime among the people, in proportion to their numbers, than was seen in our own country during the same period.

Boyer was at last deposed, not by the wishes of his own countrymen, not by the voice of the honest, kind-hearted peasantry of Hayti, but through the influence of scheming men of other nations, operating upon a few discontented and treacherous sprits in places remote from the capital.

Similar influences for base purposes have been exerted ever since; but not withstanding these numerous extraneous disadvantages, the Haytiens have maintained for thirty-two years a better government, a more orderly government on the average, than can be named among the Republics of South America, which have existed for about the same period.

It does not appear then, even so far as Hayti is concerned, that the great argument against the capacity of the black man is well founded. It does not appear that he has been so much the victim of his own imbecility as of the treachery and destructive examples of those up to whom he had a right to look for counsel and advice.

Another argument in relation to the incapacity of the negro, is found in the fact that this Island of St. Domingo, the queen of the Antilles, as she is justly termed, capable of producing two hundred millions of pounds of coffee, yields but forty millions!!! Well, sir, this is all very true: the soil in these three regions has never yet been tasked to its utmost capability by the voluntary labor of men of any color. We do not go within the tropics to find the characteristics of the New Englander and the Scotchman; we do not go even into the Southern part of our country to find them. How much rice, think you, Mr. Chairman, would be wrung from the soil of South Carolina by FREE LABOR. Not enough, as I think, for their own tables, and yet the incentives to exertion are stronger and more numerous with us than with these Islanders. To condemn these children of the sun then for lack of industry, would, to my mind, be as unfair as it would be to charge the Laplander with effeminacy and extravagance because he declines to make his bed upon a snow-drift.

From a consideration of the black man in the West India Islands, let us look for one moment at his position in our own country. Sir, there is not one of the race in New England—no, not even though he be a voter in Massachusetts, that can traverse certain parts of this Republic without the *certainty* of being imprisoned, and the chance of being sold. *This*, then, can hardly be called his home, certainly not his country, for that name comprises fostering friends, equal rights, kind, protecting laws—all that binds man to man; and these cannot be his.

Why sir, even in our own State,—and there is not a brighter star in the whole Union than Massachusetts,—I say, sir, even in our own State there is no incentive to the development of the negro's intellectual capacity.

Blacks are not found amongst our lawyers, physicians, traders, mechanics or merchants; and if one of the race were found among us with the natural mental power of a Webster, or with the brilliancy and genius of a Choate, he would after all be considered only a knowing barber or a polished boot-black.*

Sir, I wish not to be misunderstood on this point. I do not complain of these things; they seem to me to be inevitable. I do not on *this occasion* desire to impugn any nation, State, power, sect, party or institution, for the killing influences which have been exerted upon the colored race,—I merely state a few facts which I think may be urged and fairly urged against the broad and sweeping declaration that the black man himself has shown that he cannot rise in the scale of humanity.

From the cheerless, and I had almost said mournful aspect of things relating to the African in this hemisphere, I turn with peculiar satisfaction and delight to one spot of azure in a clouded sky, to that star in the east, the Republic of Liberia. There he may stand unshackled by prejudice; there he will find none to molest him or make him afraid; there he will have an opportunity of justifying the hopes and the opinions of those single hearted champions in the cause of philanthropy who through good report and evil report have at last fixed this human scheme of redemption upon a solid foundation—and, sir, if this young and promising Republic shall receive a moiety of that aid which it may fairly claim, it is destined to fulfil a mission which it would seem can in no other way be executed.

Something has been said in relation to commercial advantages to be derived from an intercourse with Liberia, and of heaps of gold in Africa.

Mr. Chairman, I am aware that the Colonization Society is not professedly a religious Society, and that it is therefore perfectly proper to urge pecuniary advantages in aid of this work; but, Sir, I thank God for the conviction that not in the South, nor in the North, will the argument ever be required. Certain am I that amongst your contributors in this metropolis, there will not be found an individual belonging to that small class of men, or rather to that class of small men, who, in illustrating the beautiful figure of "casting bread upon the waters," throw their biscuit upon the wave with the expectation of receiving a barrel of flour in return.

*This assertion seems to us too unqualified, and as a matter of fact it is not quite accurate, though perhaps sufficiently so to justify the speaker in the general position. We have been favored with a copy of his remarks from the office of the "Mercantile Journal."

Notices of New Publications.

THE UNITY OF THE HUMAN RACES, Proved to be the Doctrine of Scripture, Reason, and Science. With a Review of the Present Position and Theory of Professor Agassiz: by Rev. Thomas Smyth, D.D. New York: G. P. Putnam, 1850.

This volume appears to comprise the series of able papers under the same title, recently published in the (Charleston) Southern Presbyterian. Dr. Smyth's well-known talents and character will ensure respect and attention for his book. The work itself is very lucid in its reasoning, decided in its tone, and displays extensive research. It controverts, respectfully but with some severity, the position, recently assumed at the scientific convention in Cambridge by Prof. Agassiz, of the diversity of original sources for mankind, contesting it both on the ground of Science, or the facts, and of Scriptures. Dr. Smyth supports himself mainly by argument, and does not appeal often to prejudice, nor to the authority of names. As a specimen of the particulars of his course of reasoning, we give the following:

"The naturalist decides upon the species to which an animal belongs, from the *number and shape of its teeth*—the *number of young* it produces at a birth, its *period of gestation*, and other phenomena of reproduction, and from the *natural duration of life*. In all these points the various nations of mankind are alike.

Again, their *diseases* and the effects of like *remedies* upon them are alike.

Again, they all have Ovid's "*Os sublime et erectus ad sidera vultus.*" Not a tribe, nor an individual in a healthy state, was ever found who did not *walk erect*; while, on the other hand, not one animal possesses this faculty. Even the Ourang Outang climbs rather than walks. He cannot stand on one foot. He is, in fact, a *quadruman* or four-handed beast, while all the human tribes have two hands and two feet.

Furthermore, man in every country is distinguished from brutes in being (as Franklin said) "*a tool-maker*,"—also in being a *fire-user*,—an *eater of cooked food*—and more or less a *wearer of clothes*.

It is another striking peculiarity of man, in distinction from brutes, that he *laughs*, and men of all nations possess this peculiarity.

In like manner *weeping* is peculiar to man, and common to all nations of men. So with *music*, in the highest sense of the term.

So with *speech*—it is a broad line of demarcation between man and all kinds of animals, and yet every variety of men possess it equally. The Nepongwe language spoken by the rude Africans of the Gaboon river, is one of the most euphonious and one of the most philosophical languages in the world. The same is eminently true of the language of the half savage Turk.

But once again, all varieties of men have *conscience*. The moral sense is man's peculiarity among sublunary creatures, and it is a universal attribute of all the varieties. Man is a *religious animal*. Men of all nations can and do receive the truths of Christianity. Not only so, but it has been often proved that they can all reject Christianity, and that the most barbarous of them can make the attempt to justify their rejection of it with arguments as subtle and keen as any which have ever been brought forward. Neither Christianity nor infidelity are peculiar to the Caucasian race."

THE EMPEROR JULIAN AND HIS GENERATION: by Augustus Neander. Translated by G. B. Cox. New York: J. C. Riker. 1850.

Any work from Neander must command the attention of the theological world. This was originally published in 1812, and the substance of it has since been incorporated in his Church History. It deserves, however, to be republished in its present form, for it presents in an admirable way, not merely some of the superficial facts, but that which was most essential, in the conflict between Paganism and Christianity. In the age of Julian, the two powers were, in a manner, balanced, and their characteristics prominently appeared. This work treats in an introductory chapter, of Christianity in relation to the age in which it was first propagated. It then gives an account of the education, and character of Julian, his views of religion, philosophy and Christianity, and of the condition of the Christian church, and the treatment which it received at his hands. These subjects are all discussed with the ability and learning which we should expect from the author. The work is for sale by James Munroe & Co.

HUNT'S MAGAZINE FOR JUNE.

Hunt's Magazine for June appeared with its usual promptitude on the first of the month, and contained at least its usual variety of articles. The article by a merchant in defence of commerce is well got up and worthy of perusal, while so much is said in certain quarters against the merchant-princes. That on "Money" is an Exeter-Hall Lecture by an English clergyman, yclept Martin. Very interesting tidings are given of the Zinc mines of New Jersey, which appear to be of great value, easy to be worked, and of vast extent. Eight hundred tons of the ore have been mined this spring, and the vein increases its thickness as they descend. Among the other tricks of trade exposed in this number is a Yankee one of making shoes for the New York market *partly of shingles*, and of lining kip brogans with common straw paper, hid within the morocco. All of Spain contains but two linen-manufactories at present.

A MANUAL OF CHRISTIAN DOCTRINES AND INSTITUTIONS, with Answers in the Language of Scripture: by A. B. Fuller. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1850.

INTRODUCTORY LESSONS ON CHRISTIAN EVIDENCES: by Archbishop Whately. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1850.

We wish to direct the attention of Sunday School teachers to both of these books. We intended in noticing them to have dwelt a little on several topics which we consider of great importance in connection with such manuals. Our columns are, however, so crowded that we are obliged to postpone them to another week.

WHO WAS THE COMMANDER AT BUNKER HILL? With Remarks on the History of the Battle; by S. Swett. Printed by John Wilson. 1850.

No one can doubt the competency of Col. Swett to write on this subject; and it is rare that we meet with a pamphlet which treats a controverted question with so much vivacity and earnestness of style, so much wit, and at the same time such a genial and friendly spirit towards those whose positions he assails. We do not profess to have any special qualifications to judge, but his arguments seem to settle the question as to the main points in dispute.

LIFE OF JEAN PAUL FREDERIC RICHTER. Translated by Eliza Buckminster Lee. Appleton & Co., N. Y. 1850.

The excellence of this biography, the eminence of Jean Paul, and the peculiar qualifications of Mrs. Lee for doing what she has done to make his life accessible to English readers, form a combination of attractions which few works, recently published, possess. It is one of those works which need only to be published to be generally read. It is for sale at Crosby & Nichols's.

THE FAITHFUL STEWARD: by Rev. S. D. Clark. M. W. Dodd, New York. 1850.

This is a prize essay on the "Importance of Systematic Benevolence," selected by competent judges from no less than 172 manuscripts. The subject is of the utmost importance and the book contains valuable suggestions. For sale by Crosby & Nichols.

A SYSTEMATIC TEXT BOOK OF ORTHOEPY AND ORTHOGRAPHY: by Smith B. Goodenow. Third Edition. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1850.

This seems to be an elaborately and carefully prepared work, and in as brief and condensed a form as possible. It is worthy of the attention of those interested in educational works.

WHAT A MOTHER CAN ENDURE. Stanford & Swords, New York. 1850.

This beautifully printed volume containing a tale of destitution and its relief, well and simply told, and suited both to interest and profit the young, is for sale by James Munroe & Co.

GIBBONS' ROME, VOL. 1. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1850.

A cheap, but well printed library Edition of this standard work. It contains Milman's notes and an Index. It may be found at Crocker & Brewster's.

LUCY'S HALF-CROWN: by Catherine M. A. Couper. Boston and Cambridge: Jas. Munroe & Co. 1850.

This work is written to teach children the important art of making people happy without money.

THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE FOR JUNE.

As usual full of rich and varied matter. There cannot well be better selections from the Foreign Journals.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. No. 316.

This periodical has appeared promptly, and contains its usual amount of valuable and entertaining matter.

LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF ROBERT SOUTHEY, Part 3. New York: Harper & Brothers.

For sale by Crocker & Brewster.

WHAT A MOTHER CAN ENDURE. Illustrated. For sale by J. Munroe & Co.

A handsome, pleasant book—a tale of suffering and relief, purporting to be true.

THE PILLARS OF HERCULES, or Travels in Spain and Morocco: by David Urquhart, Esq., M. P.

Evidently the authentic work of an intelligent man who has seen the things whereof he writes, and who on such a subject can hardly write an uninteresting book.

GIBBON'S ROME, Vol. IV.

Another instalment of the handsome service undertaken for the reading public by Phillips & Sampson.

NORMAN LESLIE,—a Tale: by C. G. H. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Sold by Crosby & Nichols.

ON THE PREVENTION OF CONSTIPATION: by John C. Warren, M. D.

We refer our readers to this little pamphlet, with the conviction that by following its few and simple rules, there are many who might save themselves from quantities of drugs and from life-long disease.

ROMANCE OF THE OCEAN: a Narrative of the Voyage of the Wildfire to California: by Fanny Foley. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blackiston. 1850.

THE GOLDEN SANDS OF MEXICO. A Moral and Religious Tale; to which is added True Riches; or the Reward of Self-Sacrifice. With Illustrations by W. Croome. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blackiston. 1850.

SHAKSPEARE'S DRAMATIC WORKS. KING JOHN. Boston Illustrated Edition, No. 17. Published by Phillips, Sampson & Co.

The above works are sold by Crosby & Nichols.

News from the Churches.

SYRACUSE. It is pleasant to learn, as we do by the following article from the Syracuse Star of the 6th inst., that the Unitarian Society in Syracuse, under the faithful ministration of its present pastor, is rapidly increasing in numbers and strength.

"We understand (says the Star) that the Church of the Messiah, for the last five years under the pastoral care of Rev. S. J. May, find their house of worship too small to accommodate the congregation. All the desirable pews are disposed of, and a large number of applications for seats have already been received, which cannot be supplied. This want it is proposed to meet by extending the room sufficiently to admit 28 new slips. At the same time, the house is to be furnished with a Bell, and put in complete repair inside and out. The society is, we believe, entirely free from debt, and with a comparatively small outlay, can make their church one of the most attractive in the city. A committee has been appointed to make estimates, procure plans &c., which will report to an adjourned meeting to be held this evening."

SOUTH CHELSEA.—Rev. James Richardson jr., has accepted an invitation to preach at South Chelsea for a year.

CANNELTON, INDIANA.—Rev. J. Brown has been requested to take charge of the Unitarian Society at Cannelton, and is soon to enter upon his duties.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

THE MUMMY.—Our account of the opening of this piece of antiquity was necessarily made up last week on Thursday, the day on which the paper goes to press. It did not therefore give the result of the final examination as reported in the Lecture of Friday. That examination affected the result of the whole affair somewhat ludicrously. It certainly was not Mr. Gliddon's fault any more than it was ours, or the Mummy's own, that it turned out not to be a "lady of the Theban aristocracy," nor yet a "Priestess," nor even any lady at all, but a plain man—male altogether. A mummy it was indubitably,—an authentic, intact, veritable, dried, packed and preserved mummy. Mr. Gliddon affirms that a certain writing on one of the bandages gives him ample reason to be satisfied that this much mistaken and abused person died and was dipped in bitumen and buried about nine hundred years before Christ. With all possible respect for the learned gentleman's erudition, we must be excused for holding our faith in these matters, after the recent disappointment, in a somewhat easy and non-committal attitude. It seems to be generally supposed that the undertakers at Thebes got a little confused some day, whether from hurry or "excess of wine," and so put a man's body, after inscribing it with a female name and hieroglyphics, into a woman's coffin. A precise explanation of the facts would probably be about as difficult a matter as a complete analysis of the various motives that drew together the immense and highly entertained assembly in the Tremont Temple, at the unrolling.

ANATOMICAL EXHIBITION BY SIGNOR AND MADAME SARTI.—We earnestly recommend to all our readers residing in Boston to see the exquisitely wrought figures now exhibited over the store of Jones, Ball & Poor, corner of Washington and Summer Streets. They will be not only surprised and entertained, but made wiser, and perhaps more virtuous. They will realize more vividly than before the meaning of those words, "I am fearfully and wonderfully made." We can hardly conceive a more effectual restraint on excess, or any habit injurious to health and life, than a study of this beautiful piece of workmanship, exposing distinctly to view, as it does, every organ, muscle, tendon, nerve, vein and fibre of the human frame, in its natural and exact proportions, forms, relations and colors. The exhibition is accompanied by an explanatory lecture, by Signor Sarti for gentlemen, and by Madame Sarti for ladies. The latter will find in Madame S. an accomplished, refined and engaging woman. And her husband, by devoting ten years of his life to the construction of one of these figures, as well as by his enthusiastic scientific and artistic spirit, has entitled himself to the respect and reward of all intelligent persons in the community.

AMERICAN "BORES." A correspondent of the Boston Post has a word in defence of Carlyle at the expense of his American visitors.—"The frankness of Carlyle, who says the American nation consists of "eighteen millions of the greatest bores that ever annoyed the earth," gives I perceive, some dissatisfaction in your country. The fact is, however, that if Carlyle has called Americans bores, it is because he has found them so. He has never, that I have heard of, taken the pains to show his respect to a single American stranger of whom he might hear that he was in England, by calling upon him; but hundreds of Americans have taken great pains to be admitted into his presence. He has been bored by calls from distinguished and undistinguished Americans, at all manner of times, for all manner of purposes. He has been bored by curious people from your country, who wanted to take a good look at a great man; by vain people who wanted to be able to say, when they got home, that they had seen and talked with Carlyle; he has been bored by philosophers from Massachusetts, talking transcendentalism, by Quakers and Quakeresses from New York and Pennsylvania, talking abolitionism, and by people of another sect, eulogizing the institution of slavery. he has been bored by zealous reformers, and bigoted conservatives, and Unitarian ministers, and writers for Godey's Lady's Book, and contributors to the North American Review; editors of newspapers, schoolmasters, itinerant lecturers, and poets."

MEDALLION PORTRAITS. There are now on exhibition at Mr. Cotton's, in Tremont Row, some very beautiful medallions, the work of a young Scotch artist, Mr. Shakspeare Wood. The medallions of Miss Helen Faucett, and of De Quincy, present very striking likenesses of these remarkable persons, and prove the artist to be a man of taste and skill. We learn that Mr. Wood has been employed taking medallion portraits of several persons in this city, and has given great satisfaction by the fidelity of the likenesses, and the taste shown in the the execution of the works. These medallions, when handsomely framed, make a very graceful ornament for the wall of a parlor, and afford the means of preserving the likeness of a friend in a pleasing form at much less expense than do paintings or busts. We trust that Mr. Wood may meet with the notice and encouragement which his talents merit. [Transcript.

A LESSON FOR SCOLDING WIVES. "And I dare say you have scolded your wife very often, Newman," said I once. Old Newman looked down, and the wife took up the reply. "Never to signify—and if he has I have deserved it." "And I dare say, if the truth were told, you have scolded him quite as often." "Nay," said the old woman with a beauty of kindness, which all the poetry in the world cannot excel, "how can a wife scold her good man, who has been working for her and her little ones all the day? It may do for a man to be peevish, for it is he who bears the crosses of the world; but who should make him forget them but his own wife? And she had best, for her own sake, for nobody can scold much when the scolding is all on one side."

ARTILLERY ELECTION. The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, celebrated their 212th anniversary on Monday, June third, after the ancient custom. A very appropriate sermon was preached by the Rev. John Woart, Rector of Christ Church, in this city. He selected for his text the 14th verse of the 3d chapter of St. Luke, which reads as follows: 'And the soldiers likewise demanded of him saying, And what shall we do? And he said unto them, Do violence to no man, neither accuse *any* falsely,—and be content with your wages.' The devotional exercises were conducted by the Rev. Wm. Horton, of Brookline.

NEWSPAPER STAMPS. A return has been made to Parliament of the expense of collecting the stamp duty on newspapers. No machinery is employed in applying the stamps to the sheets of paper. The number of hands is 53, and the whole expense is £6,169. Stamps are supplied at three places: London, Manchester, and Edinburgh.

ROME. The Pope is accused of attempting to escape from Rome again, and wishing to place himself under the protection of Austria; but is too closely watched by the French. Unless the Pope yields to liberal institutions, there is reason to apprehend that the Papal government is near its end.

AUSTRIA. The Jesuits have been admitted into Vienna, despite the opposition of ecclesiastical authorities. Dalmatia has been definitely placed under Jellachich, who is now Chief of Croatia, Sclavonia, and Dalmatia. Kossuth's children have been allowed to go to him. Bem's name has been nailed to the gallows.

SAVINGS BANKS. One of the most subtle of the instrumentalities by which the people of Great Britain are bound to the crushing load of the national debt, is the device of requiring all the deposits of the Savings Banks to be invested in the "funds," as it is called—meaning "the debt." But events are weakening that bond. A loss of two millions sterling occurred in the management of this business, between 1833 and 1844 and now the Chancellor of the Exchequer complains of an additional loss. The balance of deposits in the hands of the commissioners being £30,000,000, and the value of the securities being but £28,-054,000!

MARRIAGES.

In this city, 9th inst, at the South Congregational Church, by Rev F. D. Hundington, Mr Edward Faxon, to Miss Eliza O. Pope, all of Boston.

6th inst, by Rev T. Starr King, Mr Charles A Babcock, to Miss Elizabeth Rand Sanborn, both of Charlestown.

9th inst, by Rev S. H. Winkley, Mr Wm. T. Gleason, to Miss Louisa Remick, both of Boston.

In Hingham, June 11, Mr Henry Plympton, merchant of Boston, to Mrs Olive Stephenson Corbett, daughter of Jas. Stephenson, Esq. of H.

In Hallowell, Me, June 5, by Rev Mr Cole, Mr Joseph E. Masters, of Syracuse, N. Y., to Miss Eliza J. Aiken, of H.

DEATHS.

In this city, 5th inst, Eliza Atkins, wife of Samuel Frothingham.

1st inst, Cornelia Frothingham, wife of J. H. Wolcott, and daughter of Samuel Frothingham.

9th inst, Catherine, wife of Hon James T. Austin.

June 7, Mr Foy Newton, son of the late Moses Newton, of Northboro', 63.

In Northboro', June 3, Mr Asa Maynard, for several years Superintendent of the Sunday School connected with the First Parish, 44.

In Salem, 7th, Mrs Abigail, widow of the late Joseph Peabody, Jr., 57.

In Lexington, 9th inst, Mrs Polly, the wife of Mr Phinehas Lawrence, and eldest daughter of the late William and Mary Wellington, of Waltham, aged 74.

At Duxbury, 9th inst, Mrs Hannah Loring, wife of Mr Nathaniel Winsor, 70.

At Plymouth, the 4th inst, Mrs Elizabeth A. Harlow, wife of Capt Sylvanus Harlow, of P., and daughter of Samuel and Mary Lucas, of Boston, aged 38 years.

In Brookfield, Mass., June 4, Sarah Russell, daughter of William B. and Anna Shaw Greene, 2 yrs 3 mos.

In Franklin, Mass, June 10, Nathaniel Miller, M.D., in his 80th year.

At Calcutta, March 26, Mr Henry H. Hewes, of Boston.

☞ *Plymouth County Sunday School Association.* The yearly meeting of the above Association will take place at the Church of the Rev. Mr. Kirman, at West Bridgewater, on Wednesday, 19th inst. Pastors, Superintendents, and Teachers of Sunday Schools, and others interested in the cause, are respectfully invited to attend.

Those who take the Old Colony Road will stop at Joppa. Those who come by the Fall River Road will stop at the East and West Bridgewater Station; at both which places carriages will be in waiting to take passengers to the place of meeting. For the Committee,

Bridgewater, June 10. N. TILLINGHAST.

☞ *Cincinnati Society.* The members of the Massachusetts Cincinnati Society, are hereby notified that their Annual Meeting will be held in the United States Hotel, on Thursday, July 4th, 1850, at 10 o'clock, A. M., for the choice of officers and transaction of business.

The Standing Committee are notified to meet at the same place at 9 o'clock. Members of other Cincinnati Societies are invited to be present, and dine at 2½ o'clock.

june15. 3t THOS. JACKSON, *Secretary.*

☞ NOTICE is hereby given, that the Cheshire Pastoral Association will meet at Peterborough, N. H., Tuesday, June 25th, at 10 o'clock, A. M. The Sunday School Association, connected with said Pastoral Association, will hold its semi-annual meeting on the above named day, at 2 o'clock, P. M., in the church of Rev. Mr. Billings. An agent from the Boston Sunday School is expected to deliver an address on the occasion. 2t j15.

☞ NOTICE.—The Professors in the Divinity School at Cambridge would gratefully acknowledge the receipt of thirty dollars from a friend in Kingston, through the Rev. Mr. Pope, of Somerville, to be appropriated to the interests of the School. june15.

☞ *Teachers' Social Union.* There will be a meeting of the Union, at the Vestry of the Pitts street Chapel, on Monday evening next, at 7½ o'clock.

The subjects proposed for discussion at the Anniversary of the S. S. Society will be considered at this meeting.

june 15. T. GAFFIELD, *Secretary.*

☞ *The Worcester Sunday School Society* will hold its sixteenth annual meeting in *Sterling*, at Rev. Mr. Allen's Church, on WEDNESDAY, June 26th, to commence at precisely ten o'clock, A.M.

E. B. WILLSON, *Secretary.*

Grafton, June 8th. 2is. j15.

☞ *Worcester West Association.* The next meeting will be held at Templeton, on Monday, 17th inst., at 4 P.M. There will be public services in the evening.

june15. HENRY F. BOND, *Scribe.*

☞ *Meetings for the Prisoner at Nantucket.* Providence permitting, John M. Spear will spend Sunday, 16th inst, with his friends at Nantucket, and will speak to them, in the Unitarian Church, on the duty of *Christians to the Prisoner.* june8

☞ *Overseers of Harvard College.* A stated meeting of the Overseers of Harvard College will be held in the Council Chamber, in Boston, on THURSDAY, the Thirteenth day of June, at twelve o'clock.

june8. ALEXANDER YOUNG, *Secretary.*

☞ *The Worcester Association* will meet, in connection with the Worcester West Association, at the house of Rev. Mr. Adams, in Templeton, on *Monday, June 17*, at 4 P.M. The brethren will please notice the change of time, both as to day and hour.

june8. T. PRENTISS ALLEN, *Scribe.*

☞ PRIVATE BOARD. Gentlemen and Ladies or families travelling, and visiting the city for a few days or weeks, will find pleasant accommodations at the house of the Publisher of this paper, No. 1 Bedford Place. may18

A History of all Nations,

ON a new and improved plan, by S. G. GOODRICH, author of "History of the United States," "Pictorial Geography," etc. etc., illustrated by 70 elegant Stylographic Maps and upwards of 700 Engravings, by French and American artists. This work contains a separate history of every nation of ancient and modern times, in the order of their existence, together with general views at suitable periods, showing how nations have acted upon or influenced the destines of one another, and presenting the great movement of mankind as one family, from the past to the present time. In the department of modern history, will be embraced an account of the recent French Revolution—of the scenes of which the author was an eye witness; and in addition to a general history of the United States, a separate Map and history of each State, with the newly added Territo ies of California, etc., to the present time. The work will contain 1200 royal octavo pages, and will be printed on fine paper in the best manner, and will embrace as much matter as six common octavo volumes. For families, individuals, public and private Libraries, it will be an invaluable book. Price $3½, per number, with liberal discount to Agents and Booksellers.

Published by WILKINS, CARTER & CO., No. 16 Water street, Boston, and for sale at the Periodical depots.

june 15. 3tis.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. No. 318. 12½ cents.

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1. German Popular Prophecies—Blackwood's Magazine.
2. A Regiment during the Russian Campaign—Blackwood's Magazine.
3. Death of Wordsworth—Times.
4. Commercial Mission to Japan—United Service Magazine.
5. Lettice Arnold, Chap. I.—Ladies' Companion.
6. Sir Henry Bulwer, at Baltimore—Examiner.
7. England, France and Russia—Com. Advertiser, Times.

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POETRY.

A MEMORIAL.

BY F. A. L.

So kind, so amiable, so good to all,
Sweet flowers of happiness were blooming round,
With loving friends and all to make life dear,
And she, the beautiful, must die,—*must die.*
Night came and went: Aurora came again
In all the splendor of a winter's day;
The sun, that oft brings healing on his wings,
A soothing balm to comfort the distressed,
Resplendent rose, but with it brought no change.
A mother's anxious eye watched fondly o'er,
Showing the innate love of woman's heart
To pity and to help,—remembering
All that she endured in wife-hood's early years.
Oh! who can tell the grief imprisoned there?
Who speak the anguish of a mother's heart?
A father by the sufferer's bedside stood,
And low he sadly bowed himself to see
His dying daughter and her first-born babe.
A husband, mournful, bathed the fevered brow
Of her, whom in the holy bands of Love
United, only too well he cherished.
Brothers and sisters came to say "Good Bye,"
Take one more look and give one more fond kiss,
Ere the last lingering spark of life was quenched.
The hours fled swift by on, and peaceful night,
The day succeeding came and went again.
The soft pure snow, that fell meantime from Heaven,
Seemed like white feathers dropt from angels' wings,
Hovering around to bear her spirit home
Yes, sister, 'tis thy home, "thy own, sweet home,"
And at thy Father's throne, immortal crowned,
Thou'lt tune thy voice in praises to the Lamb.
Oh! who a happier requiem could wish,
Than those mild strains, thy latest breath prolonged!
Divinely sweet, amid the sobs around,
Thrilled the last echo of thy dying song,
Celestial notes poured forth by seraph-lips.

It was the Sabbath, holy day of rest;
The mourners sadly wept beside the bier:
The ebon pall, the beauteous wreath of flowers,
Flowers,—fit emblem of her purity,—
Told that the solemn rites would soon be o'er,
And in the grave earth's loveliness be lain.
Then, nestling fondly in its nurse's arms,
They brought that bright-eyed little cherub forth,
And to the "Father, Son and Holy Ghost"
They christened it, unknowing of her love.
Oh, would you doubt it? that fond mother's eye
Looked from the realms of endless light above,
The while baptismal drops bedewed its brow;
Oh, would you doubt? the fairy bud has gone
To bloom a rose up in its mother's breast:
The mother and her child shall part no more.

[Transcript.

THE BROKEN HOUSEHOLD.

BY MISS ALICE CARY.

Vainly, vainly, memory seeks
Round our father's knee,
Laughing eyes and rosy cheeks
Where they used to be;
Of the circle once so wide,
Three are wanderers, three have died.

Golden-haired and dewy-eyed,
Prattling all the day,
We the baby, first that died;
'Twas hard to lay
Dimpled hand and cheek of snow
In the grave so dark and low.

Smiling back on all who smiled,
Ne'er by sorrow thralled,
Half a woman, half a child,
Was the next God called!
Then a grave more deep and wide
Made they by the baby's side.

When or where the other died
Only heaven can tell;
Treading manhood's path of pride
Was he when he fell;
Happy thistles, blue and red,
Bloom about his lonesome bed.

I am for the living three
Only left to pray;
Two are on the stormy sea;
Farther still than they,
Wanders one, his young heart dim,
Oftenest, most, I pray for him.

Whatsoe'er they do or dare,
Wheresoe'er they roam,
Have them, Father, in thy care,
Guide them safely home;
Home, O Father, in the sky,
Where none wander, and none die.

MISCELLANEOUS.

[Will parents who are a little apt to be impatient with their children read the following most touching and most truthlike article from Godey's Ladies Book!]

GOSSIP ABOUT CHILDREN.

IN A FAMILIAR EPISTLE TO THE EDITOR.

BY LEWIS GAYLORD CLARK.

My Dear Godey: I love children. I used to think, when I was a bachelor, (it is a good many years ago now,) that there was something *rather* presuming in the manner in which doting fathers and mothers would bring their "wee things" around them, and, for the especial edification of us single fellows, cause them to "mis-speak half-uttered words," and to go through with divers little lessons in manners and elocution. But both parents and children were made so apparently happy by it, that I never could think, as certain of my irreverent companions were wont to think, and to say, that it was "a bore." No, I never thought or said that; but I *did* think, I remember, as I have said, that there was a little bad taste, and not a little presumption in such a course.

I don't think so now.

When a father—and how much *more* a mother—sees for the first time the gleam of affection illuminating, with what the Germans call an "interior light," the eyes and features of his infant child; when that innocent soul, fresh from heaven, looks for the first time into yours, and you feel that yours is an *answering* look to that new-born intelligence—then, I say, will you experience a sensation which is not "of the earth, earthy," but belongs to the "correspondence" of a higher and holier sphere.

I wish to gossip a little with you concerning children. You are a full-grown man now, friend Godey, *quite* full-grown; yet you were once a boy; and I am well assured that you will feel interested in a few incidents which I am going to relate in illustration of my theme—incidents which I hope you will judge to be not unfruitful of monitory lessons to "children of larger growth" than mere girls and boys.

Don't you think that we parents, sometimes, in moments of annoyance, through pressure of business or other circumstances, forbid that which was but innocent and reasonable, and perfectly natural to be asked for? And do not the best of parents frequently multiply prohibitions until obedience to them becomes impossible!

Excuse me; but all your readers have been children; many of them are happy mothers; many more that are not *will* be in God's good time; and I cannot but believe that many who shall peruse these sentences will find something in them which they will remember hereafter.

"The sorrows and tears of youth," says Washington Irving, "are as bitter as those of age;" and he is right. They are sooner washed away, it is true; but oh! how keen is the *present* sensibility, how acute the *passing* mental agony!

My twin-brother Willis—may his ashes repose in peace in his early, his untimely grave!—and myself, when we were very little boys in the country, saw, one bright June day, far up in the blue sky, a paper-kite, swaying to and fro, rising and sinking, diving and curveting, and flashing back the sunlight in a manner that was wonderful to behold. We left our little tin vessels in the meadow where we were picking strawberries, and ran into a neighboring field to get beneath it; and, keeping our eyes continually upon it, 'gazing steadfastly toward heaven,' we presently found ourselves by the side of the architect of that magnificent creation, and saw the line which held it reaching into the skies, and little white paper messengers gliding along upon it, as if to hold communion with the graceful artificial 'bird of the air' at the upper end.

I am describing this to you as a boy, and I wish you to *think* of it as a boy.

Well, many days afterward, and after various unsuccessful attempts, which not a little discomfited us—for we thought we had obtained the "principle" of the kite—we succeeded in making one which we thought would fly. The air was too still, however, for several days; and never did a becalmed navigator wait more impatiently for a breeze to speed his vessel on her voyage than did we for a wind that should send our paper messenger, bedizened with stars of red and yellow paper, dancing up the sky.

At last it pleased the "gentle and valuable spirit of the air" to favor us. A mild South wind sprang up, and so deftly did we manage our machine, that it was presently reduced to a mere miniature kite in the blue ether above us. *Such* a triumph! Fulton, when he essayed his first experiments, felt no more exultant than did we when that great event was achieved! We kept it up until "twixt the gloaming and the mirk," when we drew it down and deposited it in the barn—hesitating long *where* to place it, out of several localities that seemed safe and eligible, but finally deciding to stand it endwise in a barrel, in an unfrequent corner of the barn.

I am coming now to a specimen of the "sorrows and tears of youth," of which Geoffrey Crayon speaks. We dreamed of that kite in the night; and, far up in the heaven of our sleeping vision, we saw it flashing in the sun and gleaming opaquely in the twilight air. In the morning, we repaired betimes to the barn, approached the barrel with eagerness, as if it were possible for the kite to have taken the wings of the evening and flown away; and, on looking down into the receptacle, saw our cherished, our *beloved* kite broken into twenty pieces!

It was our man Thomas who did it, climbing up on the hay-mow.

We both of us "hated with a perfect hatred," for five years afterward, the cruel neighbor who *laughed* at us for deep six months' sorrow at that great loss—a loss in comparison with which the loss of a fortune at the period of manhood sinks into insignificance. *Other* kites, indeed, we constructed; but *that* was the kite "you *read* of," at "this present."

Think, therefore, O ye parents! *always* think of the accuteness of a child's sense of childish grief.

I once saw an elder brother, the son of a metropolitan neighbor, a romping, roystering blade, in the merest "devilment," cut off the foot of a little doll with which his infantine sister was amusing herself. A mutilation of living flesh and blood, of bone and sinew, in a beloved playmate, could scarcely have affected the poor child more painfully. It was to her the vital current of a beautiful babe which oozed from the bran leg of that stuffed effigy of an infant; and the mental sufferings of the child were based upon the innocent faith which it held, that all things were really what they seemed.

Grown people should have more faith in, and more appreciation of, the statements and feelings of children. When I read, some months since, in a telegraphic despatch to one of our morning journals, from Baltimore, if I remember rightly, of a mother who, in punishing a little boy for telling a lie—which, after all, it subsequently transpired that he did *not* tell—hit him with a slight switch over his temple and killed him instantly—a mere accident, of course, but yet a dreadful casualty, which drove reason from the throne of the unhappy mother—when I read this, I thought of what had occurred in my own sanctum only a week or two before; and the lesson which I received was a good one, and will remain with me.

My little boy, a dark-eyed, ingenuous, and frank-hearted child as ever breathed—though, perhaps, "I say it who ought not to say it"—still, I *do* say it—had been playing about my table, on leaving which for a moment, I found, on my return, that my long porcupine-quill handled pen was gone. I asked the little fellow what he had done with it. He answered at once that he had not seen it. After a renewed search for it, I charged him, in the face of his declaration, with having taken and mislaid or lost it. He looked me in the face, and said—

"No, I *didn't* take it, father."

I then took him in my lap, enlarged upon the heinousness of telling an untruth, told him that I did not care so much about the pen, and, in short, by the manner in which I reasoned with him, almost offered him a reward for confession—the reward, be it understood (a dear one to him,) of standing firm in his father's love and regard. The tears had welled up into his eyes, and he seemed about to "tell me the whole truth," when my eye caught the end of the pen protruding from a portfolio, where I myself had placed it, in returning a sheet of manuscript to one of the compartments. All this may seem a mere trifle to you—and perhaps it is—yet I shall remember it for a long time.

But I desire now to narrate to you a circumstance which happened in the family of a friend and correspondent of mine in the city of Boston, some ten years ago, the history of which will commend itself to the heart of every father and mother who has any sympathy with, or affection for, their children. That it is entirely true, you may be well assured. I was convinced of this when I opened the letter from L. H. B.——, which announced it, and in the detail of the event which was subsequently furnished me.

A few weeks before he wrote, he had buried his eldest son, a fine, manly little fellow, of some eight years of age, who had never, he said, known a day's illness until that which finally removed him hence to be here no more. His death occurred under circumstances which were peculiarly painful to his parents. A younger brother, a delicate, sickly child from its birth, the next in age to him, had been down for nearly a fortnight with an epidemic fever. In consequence of the nature of the disease, every precaution had been adopted that prudence suggested to guard the other members of the family against it. But of this one, the father's eldest, he said he had little to fear, so rugged was he, and so generally healthy. Still, however, he kept a vigilant eye upon him, and especially forbade his going into the pools and docks near his school, which it was his custom sometimes to visit; for he was *but* a boy, and "boys *will* be boys," and we ought more frequently to think that it is their *nature* to be. Of all unnatural things, a reproach almost to childish frankness and innocence, save me from a "*boy-man!*" But to the story.

One evening this unhappy father came home, wearied with a long day's hard labor and vexed at some little disappointment which soured his natural kind disposition, and rendered him peculiarly susceptible to the smallest annoyance. While he was sitting by the fire in this unhappy mood of mind, his wife entered the apartment, and said:

"Henry has just come in, and he is a perfect fright; he is covered from head to foot with dock mud, and is as wet as a drowned rat."

"Where is he?" asked the father, sternly.

"He is shivering over the kitchen fire. He was afraid to come up here, when the girl told him you had come home."

"Tell Jane to tell him to come here this instant," was the brief reply to this information.

Presently the poor boy entered, half perished with affright and cold. His father glanced at his sad plight, reproached him bitterly with his disobedience, spoke of the punishment which awaited him in the morning as the penalty for his offence, and in a harsh voice, concluded with—

"Now, sir, go to your bed!"

"But father," said the little fellow, "I want to tell you ——"

"Not a word sir, *go to bed!*"

"I only wanted to say father, that——"

With a peremptory stamp, an imperative wave of his hand toward the door, and a frown upon his brow, did that father, without other speech, again close the door of explanation or expostulation.

When his boy had gone supperless and sad to his bed, the father sat restless and uneasy while supper was being prepared: and, at tea-table, ate but little. His wife saw the real cause or the additional cause of his emotion, and interposed the remark—

"I think, my dear, you ought at least to have heard what Henry had to say. My heart ached for him when he turned away, with his eyes full of tears. Henry is a good boy, after all, if he does sometimes do wrong. He is a tender-hearted, affectionate boy. He always was."

And there with the water stood in the eyes of that forgiving mother, even as it stood in the eyes of Mercy, in "the house of the Interpreter," as recorded by Bunyan.

After tea, the evening paper was taken up; but there was no news and nothing of interest for that father in the journal of that evening. He sat for some time in an evidently painful revery, and then rose and repaired to his bed chamber. As he passed the bed-room where his little boy slept, he thought he would look in upon him. A big tear had stolen down the boy's cheek, and rested upon it; but he was sleeping calmly and sweetly. The father deeply regretted his harshness as he gazed upon his son; he felt also the "sense of duty;" yet in the night, talking the matter over with the lad's mother, he resolved and promised instead of punishing, as he had threatened, to make amends to the boy's aggrieved spirit in the morning for the manner in which he had repelled all explanation of his offence.

But that morning never came to that poor child in health. He awoke the next day with a raging fever on his brain, and wild with delirium. In forty-eight hours he was in his shroud. He knew neither his father nor his mother, when they were first called to his bedside, nor at any moment afterward. Waiting, watching for one token of recognition, hour after hour, in speechless agony, did that unhappy father bend over the couch of his dying son. Once, indeed, he saw a smile of recognition light up his dying eye, and he leaned eagerly forward, for he would have given worlds to have whispered one kind word in his ear, and have been answered; but that gleam of apparent intelligence passed quickly away, and was succeeded by the cold unmeaning glare, and the wild tossing of the fevered limbs, which lasted until death came to his relief.

Two days afterward the undertaker came with the little coffin, and his son, a playmate of the deceased boy, bringing the low stools on which it was to stand in the entry-hall.

"I was with Henry," said the lad, "when he got into the water. We were playing down at the Long Wharf, Henry, and Charles Munford, and I; and the tide was out very low; and there was a beam run out from the wharf; and Charles got out on it to get a fish-line and hook that hung over where the water was deep, and the first thing we saw, he had slipped off, and was struggling in the water! Henry threw off his cap and jumped clear from the wharf into the water, and, after a great deal of hard work, got Charles out; and they waded up through the mud to where the wharf was not so wet and slippery; and then I helped them to climb up the side. Charles told Henry not to say anything about it, for, if he did, his father would never let him go near the water again. Henry was very sorry; and, all the way going home, he kept saying—

"'What will father say when he sees me to-night!' I wish we had not gone to the wharf!"

"Dear, brave boy!" exclaimed the bereaved father; "and *this* was the explanation which I cruelly refused to hear!" and hot bitter tears rolled down his cheeks.

Yes, that stern father now learned, and for the first time, that what he had treated with unwonted severity as a fault, was but the impulse of a generous nature, which forgetful of self, had hazarded life for another. It was but the quick prompting of that manly spirit which he himself had always endeavored to graft upon his susceptible mind, and which, young as he was, had already manifested itself on more than one occasion.

Let me close this story in the very words of that father, and let the lesson sink deep into the heart of every parent who shall peruse this sketch:

"Everything that I now see, that ever belonged to him, reminds me of my lost boy. Yesterday, I found some rude pencil-sketches which it was his delight to make for the amusement of his younger brother. To-day, in rummaging an old closet, I came across his boots, still covered with dock-mud, as when he last wore them. (You may think it strange, but that which is usually so unsightly an object, is now 'most precious to me.') And every morning and evening, I pass the ground where my son's voice rang the merriest among his playmates.

"All these things speak to me vividly of his active life; but I cannot—though I have often tried—I *cannot* recall any other expression of the dear boy's face than that mute, mournful one with which he turned from me on the night I so harshly repulsed him. Then my heart bleeds afresh!

"Oh, how careful should we all be that, in our daily conduct towards those little beings sent us by a kind Providence, we are not laying up for ourselves the sources of many a future bitter tear! How cautious that, neither by inconsiderate nor cruel word or look, we unjustly grieve their generous feelings! And how guardedly ought we to weigh every action against its motive, lest, in a moment of excitement, we be led to mete out to the venial errors of the heart the punishment due only to wilful crime!

"Alas! perhaps few parents suspect how often the sudden blow, the fierce rebuke, is answered in their children by the tears, not of passion nor of physical or mental pain, but of a loving yet grieved or outraged nature."

I will add no word to reflections so true; no correlative incident to an experience so touching.

IS IT RIGHT?

This is a question which, it seems to me, is not asked with frequency or seriousness, even by those who profess to be Christians. By this question should every course of conduct and every case of conscience be tested.

Is it right? "Well, I do not think any special harm can result from it." That is more than you can decide. None but God can foresee consequences. Though is may seem to be but a slight deviation from the rigid law of rectitude, it must do harm to yourself, and may result in injury to others. A little wrong is an "offending in one point." "Little foxes destroy the vines."

Is it right? "Why, every body does so." "Thou shalt not follow the multitude to do evil." We are not responsible nor accountable in masses, but as individuals. We never lose our personality in a crowd, and every wrong done in association with others is as distinctly marked as though it were done in solitude, and must be answered for alone.

Is it right? "It is popular. I shall be commended and praised for it." But human praise cannot change the inherent character of the action. There is no alchemy in words and smiles to transmute the dross of wrong into the gold of right. Better have the approval of thine own heart, than the empty praise of crowds.

Is it right? "It seems expedient." Well, the right will always be found the expedient in the end. But some persons think that strict right may, in some cases, be sacrificed to a present expediency. Expediency in such a case is but a euphonism for wrong. It means, let us do a little evil that good may come. But evil never yet begot good. Good is never the progeny of such adultery. It is a universal law, that every seed produces fruit of its own kind, and though God may sometimes, in his wise providence, crush the evil seed that human expediency has planted, and deposit, invisibly to us, good seed in its place, yet the damnation is no less just of those who say, "let us do evil that good may come."

Is it right? "It is human nature." But human nature is all wrong, and grace is given us for its subduing and sanctification. He, who follows the impulses of his carnal nature, is supplying aliment to strengthen the "old man with his deeds." It is a sad proof of our degeneracy, that the right almost always implies self-denial, self-crucifixion.

Is it right? "It is pleasant." Sin makes itself palatable to our depraved nature. But when right and enjoyment present themselves as claimants for our choice, and we must give up the one to gain the other, which shall be sacrificed? Woe to us if we trample upon right in our scramble after pleasure.

Is it right? "If it is not, I cannot help it." Well, nothing is wrong that is forced. If you are literally compelled to do wrong; if it is against the consent of your will; utterly repugnant to your choice, it is no wrong to you. But this you know to be untrue. If you do wrong, it is because you choose to do it; all things considered, prefer it. [Watchman & Reflector.

Be Happy. A little child, seven years old, one day said to her mother, "Mother, I have learned to be happy, and I shall always be happy." "My dear," said her mother, "how can this be done?" She said, "It is by not caring any thing about myself, but trying to make every body else happy."

FOR CHILDREN.

A CHILD'S DREAM OF A STAR.

There was once a child, and he strolled about a good deal, and thought a number of things. He had a sister who was a child, too, and his constant companion. These two used to wonder all day long. They wondered at the beauty of the flowers; they wondered at the height and blueness of the sky; they wondered at the depth of the bright water; they wondered at the goodness and power of God who made the lovely world.

They used to say to one another sometimes, Supposing all the children upon earth were to die, would the flowers, and the waters, and the sky, be sorry? They believed they would be sorry. For, said they, the buds are the children of the flowers, and the little playful streams that gambol down the hill-sides are the children of the water; and the smallest bright specks, playing at hide and seek in the sky all night, must surely be the children of the stars; and they would all be grieved to see their playmates, the children of men, no more.

There was one clear shining star that used to come out in the sky before the rest, near the church spire, above the graves. It was larger and more beautiful, they thought, than all the others, and every night they watched for it, standing hand in hand at a window. Whoever saw it first cried out, "I see the star!" And often they cried out both together, knowing so well when it would rise, and where. So they grew to be such friends with it, that, before laying down in their beds, they always looked out once again to bid it good-night; and when they were turning round to sleep, they used to say, "God bless the star!"

But while she was still very young, oh, very, very young the sister drooped, and came to be so weak that she could no longer stand in the window at night; and then the child looked sadly out by himself, and when he saw the star, turned round and said to the patient pale face on the bed, "I see the star!" and then a smile would come upon the face, and a little weak voice used to say, "God bless my brother and the star!"

And so the time came, all too soon! when the child looked out alone, and when there was no face on the bed; and when there was a little grave among the graves, not there before; and when the star made long rays down towards him, as he saw it through his tears.

Now, these rays were so bright, and they seemed to make such a shining way from earth to Heaven, that when the child went to his solitary bed, he dreamed about the star; and dreamed that, lying where he was, he saw a train of people taken up that sparkling road by angels. And the star, opening, showed him a great world of light, where many more such angels waited to receive them.

All these angels, who were waiting, turned their beaming eyes upon the people who were carried up into the star; and some came out from the long rows in which they stood, and fell upon the people's necks, and kissed them tenderly, and went away with them down avenues of light, and were so happy in their company, that lying in his bed he wept for joy.

But there were many angels who did not go with them, and among them one he knew. The patient face that once had lain upon the bed was glorified and radiant, but his heart found out his sister among all the host.

His sister's angel lingered near the entrance of the star, and said to the leader among those who brought the people thither:

"Is my brother come?"

And he said "No."

She was turning hopefully away, when the child stretched out his arms, and cried, "Oh, sister, I am here! Take me!" and then she turned her beaming eyes upon him, and it was night; and the star was shining into the room, making long rays down towards him as he saw it through his tears.

From that hour forth, the child looked out upon the star as on the Home he was to go to, when his time should come; and he thought that he did not belong to the earth alone, but to the star too, because of his sister's angel gone before.

There was a baby born to be a brother to the child; and while he was so little that he never yet had spoken a word, he stretched his tiny form out on his bed, and died.

Again the child dreamed of the opening star, and of the company of angels, and the train of people, and the rows of angels, with their beaming eyes all turned upon those people's faces.

Said his sister's angel to the leader:

"Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Not that one, but another."

And the child beheld his brother's angel in her arms; he cried, "Oh, sister I am here! Take me!" and she turned and smiled upon him, and the star was shining.

He grew to be a young man, and was busy at his books, when an old servant came to him and said:

"Thy mother is no more. I bring her blessing on her darling son!"

Again at night he saw the star, and all that former company. Said his sister's angel to the leader:

"Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Thy mother!"

A mighty cry of joy went forth through all the star, because the mother was re-united to her two children. And he stretched out his arms and cried, "O, mother, sister, and brother, I am here! Take me!" And they answered him, "Not yet," and the star was shining.

He grew to be a man, whose hair was turning gray, and he was sitting in his chair by the fireside, heavy with grief, and with his face bedewed with tears, when the star opened once again.

Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Nay, but his maiden daughter."

And the man who had been the child saw his daughter, newly lost to him, a celestial creature among those three, and he said, "My daughter's head is on my sister's bosom, and her arm is round my mother's neck, and at her feet there is the baby of old time, and I can bear the parting from her, God be praised!"

And the star was shining.

Thus the child came to be an old man, and his once smooth face was wrinkled, and his steps were slow and feeble, and his back was bent. And one night as he lay upon his bed, his children standing round, he cried, as he had cried so long ago:

"I see the star."

They whispered one another, "He is dying."

And he said, "I am. My age is falling from me like a garment, and I move towards the star as a child. And O, my Father, now I thank thee that it has so often opened, to receive those dear ones who await me!"

And the star was shining: and it shines upon his grave. [Dickens's New Paper "Household Words."

"What salary do you expect?" inquired a down town merchant of a youth who was inquiring for a situation. "Enough to keep me from wishing to steal," was the frank rejoinder, and it pleased the merchant so well that a bargain was soon struck. [N. Y. Globe.

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